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LOCUTION MADE EASY:

CONTAINING

Rules and Selections for Declamation and Reading,

WITH

FIGURES ILLUSTRATIVE OF GESTURE.



BY R. CLAGGETT, A.M.

AUTHOR OF THE AMERICAN EXPOSITOR.



NEW YORK:

CADY & BURGESS, 62 JOHN STREET

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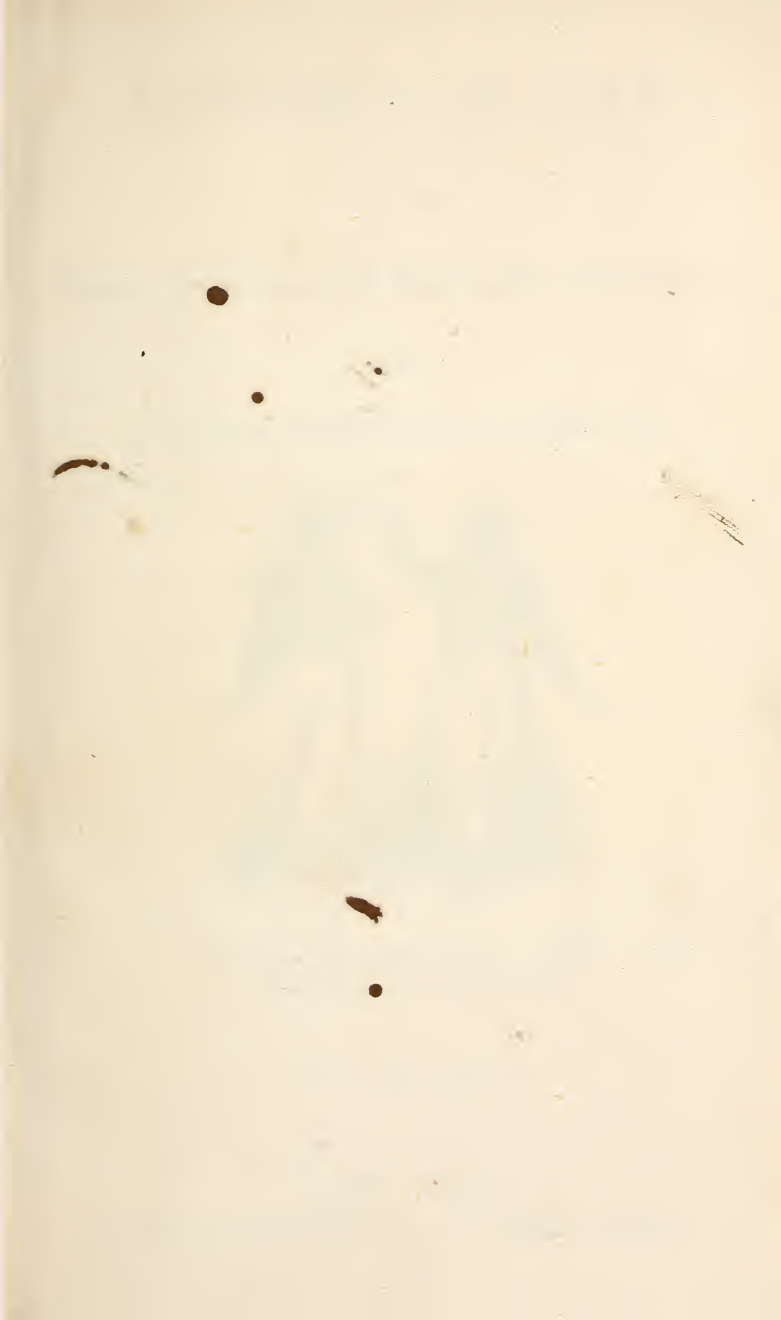
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S. W. BENEDICT,

Stereotyper

16 Spruce street, New York

## PREFACE.

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SPEECH is one of the highest attributes of man; and in a free government its cultivation becomes an object of paramount importance to those who aspire to a career of extensive usefulness, or honorable distinction. Every year in our country's history enhances this importance, and affords additional reasons in favor of preparing our youth to meet the emergencies of the present and coming times. Questions of vital interest to our religious, civil and social institutions, are agitated with fearful success by the advocates of error; the demagogue, as well as the schoolmaster, "is abroad in the land," and the question at issue is, which shall triumph,—whether the school-room or the political conclave shall prevail, whether our free institutions shall be sustained by the conservative power of the former, or be undermined by the selfish machinations of the latter. There is a growing demand for men, who know, and knowing dare maintain in public assemblies, with all the power of eloquence, the true interests of their country. To the School, to the Common, as well as the High-school, we must look for future men who are to advocate and sustain the purity of our public morals, the important interests of learning, and the noble fabric of our civil policy—under which, as a nation, we have thus far flourished.

One of the chief glories of our country is the encouragement given to learning, and the general diffusion of knowledge. But half the education of our young men is lost by neglecting the study and practice of this branch, which gives to all the rest a tenfold value. Thousands of men, otherwise well educated, are often heard to lament their neglect of Elocution during their school-boy days, and their consequent inability to

utter in public, those thoughts which they would gladly disseminate, and thereby confer a benefit on society.

But parents, teachers, and the guardians of education, are beginning to realize not only the importance of Elocution, but the feasibility of giving it an important place among the branches of common education. Heretofore, although highly appreciated, it has been considered by many as beyond the aim or reach of the mass of our youth, and only to be studied by those whom fortune has enabled to attend our higher Seminaries of learning. The author of this Manual has long been convinced that the general neglect of so important and useful a branch of education may be attributed, in part, to the want of books adapted to the use of Common as well as High-schools. There are several excellent works on this subject whose authors, with rare exceptions, seem to have participated in the general opinion, that Elocution belongs only to the list of branches taught in Academical and Collegiate institutions. But it is now a settled point, with experienced teachers of Elocution, that it may be successfully taught in Common schools, both public and private; and that an early and thorough training of the vocal organs is the surest, and, in most cases, the only means of securing excellence in reading or speaking. This Manual is offered to the public, with the belief, that it may promote the improvement of the young in the important branch of which it treats.

The plan of the work may be more readily perceived by an inspection of its pages, than by a prefatory description. Every part, it is believed, is so plain and intelligible, that a cursory examination will enable any one to form a correct opinion of its general character.

Obligations are cheerfully acknowledged to several foreign works, for some of the ideas incorporated in the work, and most of the figures illustrative of gesture.

THE AUTHOR

# ELOCUTION MADE EASY.

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## CHAPTER I.

### FIRST LESSON.

#### THE ORGANS OF SPEECH.

THE principal organs of speech are the throat, the palate, the roof of the mouth, the upper teeth, the tongue and the lips.

#### FORMATION OF THE CONSONANTS.

NOTE.—The formation of the vowels is omitted, as their sounds may be more readily acquired by imitation than description.

The best method of showing the organic formation of the consonants will be to class them into such pairs as they naturally fall into, and then, by describing one, we shall nearly describe the other, by which means the labor will be lessened, and the nature of the consonants better perceived. The consonants that fall into pairs are the following :

|          |          |          |          |           |           |          |           |              |
|----------|----------|----------|----------|-----------|-----------|----------|-----------|--------------|
| <i>p</i> | <i>f</i> | <i>t</i> | <i>s</i> | <i>sh</i> | <i>th</i> | <i>k</i> | <i>ch</i> | <i>chair</i> |
| <i>b</i> | <i>v</i> | <i>d</i> | <i>z</i> | <i>zh</i> | <i>TH</i> | <i>g</i> | <i>j</i>  | <i>jail.</i> |

*P* and *B* are formed by closing the lips till the breath is collected, and then letting it issue by forming the vowel *e*.

*F* and *V* are formed by pressing the upper teeth upon the under lip, and sounding the vowel *e* before the former and after the latter of these letters.

*T* and *D* are formed by pressing the tip of the tongue to the gums of the upper teeth, and then separating them, by pronouncing the vowel *e*.

*S* and *Z* are formed by placing the tongue in the same position as in *T* and *D*, but not so close to the gums, as to stop the breath : a space is left between the tongue and the palate for the breath to issue, which forms the hissing and buzzing sound of these letters



*SH* heard in *mission*, and *zh* in *evasion*, are formed in the same seat of sound as *s* and *z*; but in the former, the tongue is drawn a little inwards, and at a somewhat greater distance from the palate, which occasions a fuller effusion of breath from the hollow of the mouth, than in the latter, which are formed nearer to the teeth.

*TH* in *think*, and the same letters in *that*, are formed by protruding the tongue between the fore teeth, pressing it against the upper teeth, and at the same time endeavoring to sound the *s* or *z*; the former letter to sound *th* in *think*, and the latter to sound *th* in *that*.

*K* and *G* hard are formed by pressing the middle of the tongue to the roof of the mouth near the throat, and separating them a little smartly to form the first, and more gently to form the last of these letters.

*CH* in *chair*, and *J* in *jail*, are formed by pressing *t* to *sh*, and *d* to *zh*.

*M* is formed by closing the lips, as in *P* and *B*, and letting the voice issue by the nose.

*N* is formed by resting the tongue in the same position as in *T* or *D*, and breathing through the nose, with the mouth open.

*L* is formed by nearly the same position of the organs as *t* and *d*, but more with the tip of the tongue, which is brought forward to the teeth, while the breath issues from the mouth.

*R* is formed by placing the tongue nearly in the position of *t*, but at such a distance from the palate as suffers it to jar against it, when the breath is propelled from the throat to the mouth.

*NG* in *ring*, *sing*, &c., is formed in the same seat of sound as hard *g*; but while the middle of the tongue presses the roof of the mouth, as in *G*, the voice passes principally through the nose, as in *N*.

*Y* consonant is formed by placing the organs in the position of *e*, and squeezing the tongue against the roof of the mouth, which produces *ee*, which is equivalent to initial *y*.

*W* consonant is formed by placing the organs in the position of *oo*, described under *u*, and closing the lips a little more, in order to propel it upon the succeeding vowel, which it articulates.

NOTE.—*Q* followed by *u* is sounded like *k* followed by *w*. *X* is composed of the sounds of *k* and *s*.



## CHAPTER II.

## SECOND LESSON.

## KEY FOR THE SOUNDS OF THE VOWELS.

<sup>1</sup> Fate <sup>2</sup> far <sup>3</sup> fall <sup>4</sup> fat <sup>5</sup> wad <sup>1</sup> me <sup>2</sup> met <sup>3</sup> her <sup>1</sup> pine <sup>2</sup> pin <sup>3</sup> bird <sup>5</sup> marine <sup>1</sup> no  
<sup>2</sup> move <sup>3</sup> nor <sup>4</sup> not <sup>5</sup> come <sup>6</sup> book <sup>1</sup> tube <sup>2</sup> tub <sup>3</sup> full <sup>4</sup> use <sup>32</sup> oil <sup>33</sup> pound.

## EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION,

## HAVING THE SOUNDS OF THE SINGLE CONSONANTS AND THE VOWELS.

NOTE.—Frequent repetition of the following exercises is strongly recommended.

|                     |                    |                     |        |                      |                       |
|---------------------|--------------------|---------------------|--------|----------------------|-----------------------|
| <sup>1</sup> B-A-le | <sup>2</sup> B-A-r | <sup>3</sup> B-A-ll | B-A-t  | <sup>32</sup> B-OI-l | <sup>33</sup> B-OU-nd |
| C-A-ne              | C-A-r              | C-A-ll              | C-A-n  | C-OI-n               | C-OU-nt               |
| D-A-te              | D-A-rt             | D-AW-n              | D-A-mp | D-OI-t               | D-OU-bt               |
| F-A-le              | F-A-r              | F-A-ll              | F-A-n  | F-OI-l               | F-OU-nd               |
| G-A-me              | G-A-rb             | G-A-ll              | G-A-s  | ———                  | G-OU-t                |
| H-A-le              | H-A-rt             | H-A-ll              | H-A-t  | ———                  | H-OW-l                |
| J-A-ne              | J-A-r              | J-A-w               | J-A-mb | J-OI-n               | ———                   |

K is sounded like c hard as above.

|        |        |        |        |        |        |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| L-A-te | L-A-rk | L-AW-n | L-A-mp | L-OI-n | L-OU-d |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|

## THIRD LESSON.

|        |         |         |        |         |         |
|--------|---------|---------|--------|---------|---------|
| M-A-ke | M-A-r   | M-A-ll  | M-A-p  | M-OI-st | M-OU-nt |
| N-A-me | N-A-rd  | g-N-AW  | N-A-p  | N-OI-se | N-OU-n  |
| P-A-le | P-A-rt  | P-A-ll  | P-A-n  | P-OI-se | P-OU-nd |
| R-A-te | wR-A-th | R-A-W   | R-A-n  | R-OI-l  | R-OU-t  |
| S-A-me | pS-A-lm | S-A-lt  | S-A-nd | S-OI-l  | S-OU-nd |
| T-A-me | T-A-r   | T-A-ll  | T-A-n  | T-OI-l  | T-OW-n  |
| Y-A-le | V-A-st  | V-AU-lt | V-A-n  | V-OI-ce | V-OU-ch |
| W-A-ne |         | W-A-ll  | W-A-x  |         | W-OU-nd |
| Y-A-le | Y-A-rd  | Y-AW-n  | Y-A-m  |         |         |

## FOURTH LESSON.

|                     |                     |                     |                    |
|---------------------|---------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| <sup>1</sup> B-EE-t | <sup>2</sup> B-E-ll | <sup>1</sup> M-EE-t | <sup>2</sup> M-E-n |
| C-E-de              | C-E-nt              | N-EE-d              | N-E-t              |
| D-EE-m              | D-E-n               | P-EE-r              | P-E-st             |

|                     |                     |                      |                      |
|---------------------|---------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| <sup>1</sup> F-EE-l | <sup>2</sup> F-E-ll | <sup>1</sup> QU-EE-n | <sup>2</sup> QU-E-ll |
| G-EE-se             | G-E-t               | R-EE-l               | R-E-nt               |
|                     |                     | S-EE-n               | S-E-t                |
| G-E-nus             | G-E-m               | V-EE-r               | V-E-st               |
| H-EE-d              | H-E-m               | W-E-al               | W-E-t                |
| J-EE-r              | J-E-t               |                      |                      |
| K-EE-l              | K-E-n               | Y-Ea-st              | Y-E-ll               |
| L-EE-k              | L-E-t               | L-E-ast              | Z-E-st               |

## FIFTH LESSON.

|         |                    |                     |                    |                    |
|---------|--------------------|---------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| B-I-nd  | <sup>2</sup> B-I-t | <sup>3</sup> B-I-rd | <sup>1</sup> _____ | <sup>2</sup> J-I-g |
| D-I-ne  | D-I-m              | D-I-rk              | K-I-nd             | K-I-ll             |
| F-I-ne  | F-I-n              | F-I-rst             | L-I-ne             | L-I-st             |
| Gu-I-le | G-I-m              | G-I-rt              | M-I-ne             | M-I-nt             |
| G-I-be  | G-I-ll             | K-I-rk              | N-I-ne             | N-I-p              |
| H-I-ve  | H-I-m              | _____               | P-I-ne             | P-I-n              |
| R-I-pe  | R-I-m              | _____               |                    |                    |
| S-I-te  | S-I-t              | S-I-r               |                    |                    |
| T-I-me  | T-I-ll             | _____               |                    |                    |
| V-I-ne  | V-I-ll             | _____               |                    |                    |
| W-I-ne  | W-I-ll             | _____               |                    |                    |
| _____   | Z-I-nc             | _____               |                    |                    |

## SIXTH LESSON.

|                     |                     |                     |                     |                     |                     |
|---------------------|---------------------|---------------------|---------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| <sup>1</sup> B-O-lt | <sup>2</sup> B-OO-n | <sup>3</sup> B-O-rn | <sup>4</sup> B-O-nd | <sup>5</sup> B-O-mb | <sup>6</sup> B-OO-k |
| C-O-ne              | C-OO-p              | C-O-rn              | C-O-t               | C-O-me              | C-OO-k              |
| D-O-me              | D-OO-m              | D-O-r               | D-O-t               | D-O-ve              | _____               |
| F-O-ld              | F-OO-d              | F-O-rm              | F-O-p               | _____               | F-OO-t              |
| G-O-ld              | G-OO-se             | G-O-rge             | G-O-ne              | _____               | G-OO-d              |
| H-O-pe              | H-O-O-p             | H-O-rn              | H-O-p               | H-O-ver             | H-OO-d              |
| J-O-ve              | _____               | _____               | J-O-t               | _____               | _____               |
| L-O-ne              | L-OO-m              | L-O-rd              | L-O-t               | L-O-ve              | L-OO-k              |
| M-O-le              | M-O-ve              | M-O-rn              | M-O-ss              | M-O-nth             | _____               |
| N-O-te              | N-OO-n              | N-O-r               | N-O-t               | _____               | N-OO-k              |
| P-O-le              | P-OO-l              | _____               | P-O-p               | _____               | _____               |
| R-O-ll              | R-OO-m              | _____               | R-O-t               | _____               | R-OO-t              |
| S-O-le              | S-OO-the            | S-O-rt              | S-O-t               | S-O-n               | S-OO-n              |
| T-O-ll              | T-OO-th             | T-O-rt              | T-O-p               | T-O-n               | T-OO-k              |
| V-O-te              | _____               | _____               | _____               | _____               | _____               |

|        |       |        |       |         |        |
|--------|-------|--------|-------|---------|--------|
| W-O-ve | _____ | _____  | W-O-t | W-O-rth | W-OO-I |
| Y-O-ke | _____ | Y-O-rk | Y-O-n |         |        |

## SEVENTH LESSON

|                       |                       |                          |                         |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| <sup>1</sup><br>_____ | <sup>2</sup><br>B-U-d | <sup>3</sup><br>B-U-llet | <sup>4</sup><br>B-U-gle |
| _____                 | C-U-t                 | _____                    | C-U-re                  |
| _____                 | D-U-n                 | _____                    | _____                   |
| _____                 | F-U-n                 | F-U-ll                   | F-U-ry                  |
| _____                 | G-U-n                 | _____                    | _____                   |
| _____                 | H-U-t                 | _____                    | H-U-e                   |
| L-U-te                | L-U-mp                | _____                    | _____                   |
| _____                 | M-U-st                | _____                    | M-U-se                  |
| _____                 | P-U-n                 | P-u-ll                   | P-U-re                  |
| S-Ui-t                | S-U-n                 | _____                    | S-U-re                  |
| T-U-be                | T-U-b                 | _____                    | F-U-ture                |

## EIGHTH LESSON.

## CONSONANTS COMBINED.

|                        |                        |                        |                       |                       |
|------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| <sup>1</sup><br>BL-ade | <sup>1</sup><br>BL-eed | <sup>1</sup><br>BL-ind | <sup>1</sup><br>BL-ow | <sup>1</sup><br>BL-ue |
| BR-ace                 | BR-eeze                | BR-ide                 | BR-ogue               | BR-ew                 |
| CL-aim                 | CL-eave                | CL-ime                 | CL-ose                | CL-ue                 |
| CR-ate                 | CR-eed                 | CR-ime                 | CR-ow                 | CR-ew                 |
| DR-ain                 | DR-eam                 | DR-ive                 | DR-ove                | DR-ew                 |
| FL-ame                 | FL-eet                 | FL-ight                | FL-own                | FL-ew                 |
| FR-ame                 | FR-eeze                | FR-ight                | FR-oze                | FR-uit                |
| GL-ade                 | GL-eam                 | GL-ide                 | GL-obe                | GL-ue                 |
| GR-ace                 | GR-een                 | GR-ind                 | GR-ow                 | GR-ew                 |
| PL-ate                 | Pl-ea                  | PL-ight                | de Pl-ore             | PL-umœ                |
| PR-aise                | PR-iest                | PR-ime                 | PR-one                | PR-une                |
| SC-ale                 | SCH-eme                | Sk-y                   | SC-ope                | _____                 |
| SCR-ape                | SCR-eam                | SCR-ibe                | SCR-oll               | SCR-ew                |
| SL-ave                 | SL-eeve                | SL-ime                 | SL-ow                 | SL-ew                 |
| _____                  | SM-ear                 | SM-ite                 | SM-ote                | _____                 |
| SN-ail                 | SN-eer                 | SN-ipe                 | SN-ow                 | _____                 |
| SP-ade                 | SP-eed                 | SP-ite                 | SP-ort                | SP-ume                |
| SPL-ay                 | SPL-een                | SPL-ice                | _____                 | _____                 |
| SPR-ay                 | _____                  | SPR-ite                | _____                 | _____                 |
| STR-ay                 | STR-eet                | STR-ike                | STR-ove               | STR-ew                |
| TR-ay                  | TR-ee                  | TR-y                   | TR-ope                | TR-ue                 |

## NINTH LESSON.

|            |              |           |           |         |
|------------|--------------|-----------|-----------|---------|
| briB'D     | gaRB'D       | gaRBS     | bubBL'D   |         |
| bubBLeS    | bubBLeST     | treaDST   | —         |         |
| ruBS       | craDLe       | craDL'D   | ridDLe'ST |         |
| humBL'DST  |              | hum-BL'ST | kiDS      | leaDS   |
| meaDS      | bleeDS       | fourTH    |           |         |
| fouRTHS    | fiFTH        | fiFTHS    | siX       | siXTHS  |
| seveNTH    | seveNTHS     | eighTH    | eighTHS   |         |
|            | boTH         | THink     | breaTHE   | sheaTHE |
| CHeer      | CHime        | catCH     | latCH     | breaDTH |
| breaDTHS   | stuFFS       | cuFFS     | liFT      | liFTS   |
| cloG       | cloGG'D      | strugGLe  | strugGLes |         |
| strugGL'ST | strugGL'D'ST |           |           |         |

## TENTH LESSON.

|              |             |          |           |         |
|--------------|-------------|----------|-----------|---------|
| caGe         | caG'D       | waGe     | waG'd     | FledG'D |
| biLG'e       | biLG'D      | bucKLe   | bucKL'D   | twiNKLe |
| twiNKLES     | twiNKL'D'ST |          | shacKLe   |         |
| shacKL'ST    | breaK'ST    | looK'd   | pacK'd    |         |
| foLD         | foLDS       | siLK     | siLKS     |         |
| heLM         | overwheLM'D |          | heLP      | ALPs    |
| heLP'ST      | puLSe       | faLL'st  | tweLVe    |         |
| tweLFTH      | tweLFTHS    |          |           |         |
| ourseLVES    | caLLS       | feeLS    | deLV'D    | stealTH |
| steaLTHS     | naM'D       | atteMPT  |           |         |
| conteMPT     | straNGE     | pinCH    | pinCH'D   |         |
| wiNGS        | sprINGS     | leNGTH   |           |         |
| leNGTHS      | keePS       | distuRBS | distuRB'D |         |
| distuRB'D'ST |             |          |           |         |

## ELEVENTH LESSON

|           |           |           |         |       |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|---------|-------|
| tuRF      | foRGe     | foRG'D    | maRK    | maRKS |
| maRK'ST   | peaRL     | huRL'D'ST |         |       |
| haRM      | haRM'D    | haRM'D'ST |         |       |
| tuRN      | tuRNS     | tuRN'D    |         |       |
| tuRN'D'ST | usuRP     | usuRPS    | usuRP'D |       |
| verSE     | buRST     | buRSTS    | paRT    | parTS |
| paRT'ST   | paRTeDST  | seRVe     | seRVeS  |       |
| seRV'ST   | seRV'D'ST | soaKS     | heaRS   |       |

|         |            |          |          |
|---------|------------|----------|----------|
| peRCH   | seaRCH     | seaRCH'd | seaRCHES |
| maRSH   | eaRTH      | deaRTH   | riSK     |
| riSKS   | liSP       | lisSPS   | puZZLE   |
| puzZLES | puzZL'D'ST | priSM    | prisMS   |

## TWELFTH LESSON.

Some of the combinations of vowels forming one syllable.

|         |                                                                                                        |
|---------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| ia      | is pronounced like ya, as in filial, pronounced fil-yal,                                               |
| ie      | “ “ “ ye, as in spaniel, pronounced span-yel,                                                          |
| io      | “ “ “ yu, as in million, “ mil-yun,                                                                    |
| ua      | “ “ “ wa, as in assuage, “ as-swage,                                                                   |
| cial    | “ “ “ shal, as in social, “ so-shal,                                                                   |
| tial    | “ “ “ shal or tshel, as in nuptial, pronounced nup-shal, in bestial, pronounced bes-tsheal,            |
| science | } like shence, as in conscience, pronounced con-shence,                                                |
| tience  |                                                                                                        |
| tient   | pronounced like shent, as in patient, pronounced pa-shent,                                             |
| sier    | } pronounced like zhur, as in osier, pronounced o-zhur,                                                |
| zier    |                                                                                                        |
| sion    | pronounced like shun or zhun, as in version, pronounced ver-shun, evasion, pronounced eva-zhun,        |
| cious   | } pronounced like shus, as in specious, pronounced spe-                                                |
| scious  |                                                                                                        |
| tious   |                                                                                                        |
| sure    | pronounced like shure or zhure, as in erasure, pronounced era-zhure, pressure, pronounced presh-shure, |
| tion    | pronounced like shun or tshun, as in nation, pronounced na-shun, fustian, pronounced fus-tshun,        |
| tier    | pronounced like yur, as in courtier, pronounced kórt-yur                                               |
| teous   | “ “ tsheous, as in courteous, pronounced kur-tshe-us,                                                  |
| dier    | } pronounced like jur, as in soldier, pronounced sól-jur,                                              |
| deur    |                                                                                                        |
| dure    |                                                                                                        |



## CHAPTER III.

## THIRTEENTH LESSON.

## GRAMMATICAL PAUSES.

The Grammatical pauses are

|                   |   |             |   |     |
|-------------------|---|-------------|---|-----|
| The period        | } | Marked thus | { | .   |
| The colon         |   |             |   | :   |
| The semicolon     |   |             |   | ;   |
| The comma         |   |             |   | ,   |
| The interrogation |   |             |   | ?   |
| The exclamation   |   |             |   | !   |
| The parenthesis   |   |             |   | ( ) |

The length of these pauses depends upon the nature of the subject, and the circumstances of the case in which they are used, rather than upon invariable rules.

The period is supposed to be a pause double the time of the colon; the colon, double that of a semicolon; and the semicolon, double that of the comma, which is generally stated to be long enough for the reader or speaker to count one.

The interrogation and exclamation points are said to be indefinite as to their quantity of time, and to mark an elevation of voice; and the parenthesis to mark a moderate depression or lowering of the voice, with a pause shorter than a comma.

## RHETORICAL PAUSES.

Rhetorical Pauses are those pauses which, in addition to the grammatical pauses, are observed by good speakers or readers, to give variety to the tones of the voice, and distinctness, clearness and force to utterance. This pause is marked thus |

The duration of the Rhetorical pauses depends upon the same principles as that of the grammatical pauses, although it is usually shorter.

The Rhetorical pause should be made .

- 1st. After the nominative, if it consists of several words.
- 2d. After the nominative, if it is an important word.
- 3d. After the objective in inverted sentences.
- 4th. Before and after an intermediate clause.
- 5th. Before the relative.

6th. Before and after clauses introduced by prepositions.

7th. Before conjunctions and the adverbs, how, why, when, where, &c.

8th. Before the infinitive mode, if any word intervene between it and the word which governs it.

#### EXAMPLES.

The experience of want | enhances the value of plenty.

Truth | is the basis | of excellence.

On Linden | when the sun was low.

Trials | in this state of being | are the lot of man.

Death | is the season | which brings our affections to the test.

From the right exercise | of our intellectual powers | arises  
| one | of the chief sources | of our happiness.

We applaud virtue | even in enemies.

Honor | and shame | from no conditions rise

A public speaker | may have a voice that is musical | and  
of great compass; but it requires much time and labor | to  
attain its just modulation | and that variety of flexion and tone  
| which a pathetic discourse requires.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

### FOURTEENTH LESSON.


#### THE INFLECTIONS.


The monotone is a continuation of sound on the same pitch or key. It is marked thus ——— The monotone has great force and dignity in pronouncing grave, solemn and sublime language.


#### EXAMPLE.




Ō thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my  
fathers! whence are thy beams, Ō Sun! thy everlasting  
light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars  
hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks  
in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone.

By inflection is meant the turning or slide of the voice upward or downward from any pitch or key.

The rising inflection, marked thus  is that upward slide of the voice which is used in asking a question beginning with a verb, as,













































Did he say  no ?

The falling inflection, marked thus  is that downward slide of the voice which is usually made in answering a question, as,

Did he say  no ? He did  ; he said  no

#### FIFTEENTH LESSON.

#### TABLE OF INFLECTIONS.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Did he say  hate or  late ?      | He said  hate, not  late       |
| Did he say  beat or  peat ?      | He said  beat, not  peat       |
| Did he say  file or  vile ?      | He said  file, not  vile.      |
| Did he say  goal or  coal ?   | He said  goal, not  coal.    |
| Did he say  flute or  lute ? | He said  flute, not  lute. |
| Did he say  man or  men ?    | He said  man, not  men.    |
| Did he say  pin or  fin ?    | He said  pin, not  fin.    |
| Did he say  blot or  plot ?  | He said  blot, not  plot.  |
| Did he say  born or  horn ?  | He said  born, not  horn   |
| Did he say  burn or  turn ?  | He said  burn, not  turn   |
| Did he say  bar or  far ?    | He said  bar, not  far     |



Did he say <sup>/</sup>fast or <sup>\</sup>last?

He said <sup>/</sup>fast, not <sup>\</sup>last.

Did he say <sup>/</sup>call or <sup>\</sup>hall?

He said <sup>/</sup>call, not <sup>\</sup>hall.

Did he say <sup>/</sup>true or <sup>\</sup>drew?

He said <sup>/</sup>true, not <sup>\</sup>drew.

Did he say <sup>/</sup>full or <sup>\</sup>pull?

He said <sup>/</sup>full, not <sup>\</sup>pull

Did he say <sup>/</sup>bird or <sup>\</sup>third?

He said <sup>/</sup>bird, not <sup>\</sup>third.

The inflections in the foregoing table may be varied from one tone to an octave.

Practising long intervals is specially recommended, as tending to give firmness, strength and variety to the voice

## CHAPTER V.

### SIXTEENTH LESSON.

#### CIRCUMFLEX.

By circumflex is meant two slides of the voice.

The rising circumflex, marked thus  $\vee$  consists of the downward and upward inflections.

The falling circumflex, marked thus  $\wedge$  consists of the upward and downward inflections.

The rising circumflex is principally used on words spoken ironically—that is, on words expressing one thing and meaning another.

#### EXAMPLE.

Hear him, my lord : he is  $\vee$ wondrous  $\vee$ condescending.  $\wedge$

Here under leave of Brutus and the rest,

And Brutus is an  $\vee$ honorable man

So are they all,  $\vee$ all  $\vee$ honorable  $\vee$ men.

The falling circumflex generally is used to express reproach,

and may be exemplified by the drawling tone we hear on the word *you*, in Hamlet's answer to his mother, who says—

*Queen.* Hamlet, you have your father much offended.

*Hamlet.* Madam, you have my father much offended.

Both these circumflex inflections may be exemplified in thus  
—If you said so then I said so

#### SOME OF THE RULES FOR THE INFLECTIONS.

##### *Rule 1.*

The rising inflection should be made when a question is asked beginning with a verb, as,

Did you hear? Is the king dead?

##### *Rule 2.*

The rising inflection should be made between the nominative and the verb, as,

Adversity is the parent of piety.

##### *Rule 3.*

The rising inflection should be made at a pause in a sentence, where the sense is not completed, as,

Whatever your hands find to do, that do with your might.

##### *Rule 4.*

In a sentence, where the two principal parts depend on each other for sense, the voice slides up where the sense or where the meaning begins to be formed, as,

At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean and ungenerous minds.

#### SEVENTEENTH LESSON.

##### *Rule 5.*

The rising inflection takes place between the parts of a sentence connected by corresponding conjunctions, adverbs, the subjunctive mode, and the comparative degree, as,

As trees and plants necessarily arise from seeds, so are you, Anthony, the seed of this most calamitous war.

We may as well be refreshed with a clear and brisk discourse, as by the air of Campanian wines.

If there were no cowardice, there would be little insolence.

When you have leisure, attend to the improvement of your mind.

It is more blessed to give, than to receive

#### *Rule 6.*

The rising inflection takes place between the parts of a sentence introduced by participles, adjectives, infinitives and prepositions, as,

Conquered and enslaved, it is not boldness, but necessity, that urges to battle.

Awkward in his person and ungainly in his manners, James was ill qualified to command respect.

To say the least, they have betrayed great want of candor.

In the ruffled and angry hour, we view every appearance through a false medium.

#### *Rule 7.*

The rising inflection takes place before a relative, where it modifies or limits the antecedent, as,

No man ever attained lasting fame, who did not, on several occasions, contradict the prejudices of popular applause.

#### *Rule 8.*

The rising inflection takes place when we address, invite, petition, or request, as,

Gentlemen, allow me to lay before you the object of my mission, which I will do as briefly as possible.

*Rule 9.*

The rising inflection takes place in negative sentences, as,  
 He was virtuous, not vicious.

*Rule 10.*

The rising inflection takes place between the parts of an antithesis or between sentences in opposition to each other, as,

Philosophy makes us wiser, Christianity makes us better men.

*Rule 11.*

Where interrogative sentences are connected by the disjunctive, *or*, the first ends with the rising, the rest with the falling inflection, as,

Shall we crown the author of the public calamities, or shall we destroy him?

*Rule 12.*

The rising inflection takes place on the repeating word or thought, as,

Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give its sanction to measures thus obtruded and forced upon us?

Measures, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing kingdom to scorn and contempt!

**NOTE.**—Series denotes an enumeration of particulars. If the enumeration consists of single words, it is called a simple series; when it consists of several words, it is called a compound series. When the sense requires that there should be a rising slide on the last particular, the series is called the commencing series; and when the sense requires the falling slide on the last particular, it is called the concluding series.

*Rule 13.*

The rising inflection is made on the last particular of a commencing series; and on the last but one in a concluding series.

*Rule 14.*

The falling inflection takes place on all the particulars but the last in a commencing series, and on all but the last but one in a concluding series.

(Commencing Series.) To advise the ignorant, relieve the

needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way, almost every day in our lives.

(Concluding Series.) Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair, as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light.

*Rule 15.*

The falling inflection takes place when the sense is finished, when an affirmation is made, or a command is given, as,  
Nothing valuable can be gained without labor.

Charge, Chester! charge! On, Stanley! on!

*Rule 16.*

The falling inflection takes place at the end of questions beginning with interrogative pronouns or adverbs, as,

What is your name?

Who comes here?

When shall you go?

*Rule 17.*

The falling inflection takes place on a clause which makes perfect sense of itself, followed by a clause which merely illustrates or gives something additional, and not as a consequence of what is in the first clause, as,

An elevated genius employed in little things, appears like the sun in his evening declination; he remits his splendor, but retains his magnitude; and pleases more, though he dazzles less.

NOTE.—The foregoing are only a part of the general rules which relate to the inflections. But they are deemed sufficient for general purposes.

It should also be remarked, that any of the general rules of inflections may be varied by emphasis.



## EXAMPLES OF INFLECTIONS.

## EIGHTEENTH LESSON.

## MARCELLUS TO THE MOB.

Wherefore rejoice? that Cæsar comes in triumph?

What conquests brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

Oh you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,

Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft

Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,

To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat

The livelong day with patient expectation,

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.

And do you now put on your best attire,

And do you now cull out a holiday,

And do you now strew flowers in his way

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Begone! run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the gods to intermit the plagues

That needs must light on this ingratitude.

## CHAPTER VI.

## NINETEENTH LESSON

## EMPHASIS.

By emphasis is meant a stronger and fuller sound of voice, by which we distinguish some word or words on which we design to lay particular stress or force, and to show how they affect the rest of the sentence.

## A GENERAL RULE FOR EMPHASIS.

Whenever words are contrasted *with*, contradistinguished *from*, or opposed *to*, other words expressed or understood, they are always emphatical.

NOTE.—When both parts of this opposition or contrast are expressed, then emphatic words become very obvious, as,

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill  
Appear in WRITING or in JUDGING ill.

But when but one part of the opposition or contrast is expressed, and the other is to be supplied by the understanding, the emphatical word is not so easily discovered.

## EXAMPLES.

I'll be in men's DESPITE a monarch.

(That is, in *their spite* not in *their favor* )

Such plays alone should please a British ear,  
As CATO'S SELF would not disdain to hear.

(That is, not merely an ordinary man, but *Cato*.)

A CHILD might understand it.

(That is, not merely a man, but a child.)

I am tortured to madness when I THINK of the insult.

(That is, not merely when it is spoken of but when I think of it.)

How beautiful is nature in her WILDEST scenes.

(Not merely in her soft and tranquil scenes, but in her wildest scenes.)

Do you ride to town TO-DAY?

(To day and not to-morrow.)

Do you ride to TOWN to-day?  
(To town and not the country.)

Do you RIDE to town to-day?  
(Do you ride and not walk?)

Do YOU ride to town to-day?  
(Do you and not your son?)

DO you ride to town to-day?  
(Do you go at all or stay at home?)

## CHAPTER VII.

### TWENTIETH LESSON.

#### THE KEYS OR PITCHES OF THE VOICE.

NOTE.—A change of key is generally required at the commencement of a new sentence.

The principal keys of the voice are the low, the middle and the high.

The low key is adapted to solemn and sublime subjects

#### EXAMPLE.

The Lord, the sovereign sends his summons forth,  
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;  
From east to west the sounding orders spread,  
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead.

The middle key is adapted to common conversation. The high key is adapted to high excitement.

#### EXAMPLE.

COURAGE—CHIVALROUS EXCITEMENT—HIGH, LOUD, SLOW

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;  
Or close the wall up with our English dead!  
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,  
As modest stillness, and humility;



But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage.  
 On, on, you noblest English,  
 Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof  
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,  
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,  
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.  
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;  
 Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,  
 Cry—Heaven for Harry! England! and St. George!

COURAGE—DESPERATE EXCITEMENT—HIGH, LOUD, SLOW, MORE  
 ASPIRATED.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!  
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head:  
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;  
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!—  
 A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:  
 Advance our standards, set upon our foes;  
 Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,  
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!  
 Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

### TWENTY-FIRST LESSON.

#### THE MANAGEMENT OF THE BREATH.

THE importance of skillfully managing the breath can be duly appreciated by those only who have been trained to it.

It is much to be regretted, that this subject has not received more attention from writers on Elocution; while some musical writers have given it a prominent place in their works, and the most eminent teachers of vocal music give it special attention in their instructions. But most teachers of Reading and



|            |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |    |    |
|------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|----|
| Teacher, 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| pupil, O   |   | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | —  | —  | r  |
| Teacher, 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| pupil, No  | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | —  | —  | t  |
| Teacher, 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| pupil, Tu  | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | —  | —  | be |
| Teacher, 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| pupil, Tu  | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | —  | —  | b  |
| Teacher, 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| pupil, Fu  | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | —  | —  | ll |

## TWENTY-THIRD LESSON.

|            |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
|------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| Teacher, 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| pupil, Ha  | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | le |
| Teacher, 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| pupil, A   | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | h  |
| Teacher, 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| pupil, A   | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | ll |
| Teacher, 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| pupil, Ma  | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | n  |
| Teacher, 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| pupil, Hee | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | l  |
| Teacher, 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| pupil, Be  | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | ll |
| Teacher, 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| pupil, Pi  | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | ne |
| Teacher, 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| pupil, Hi  | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | ll |
| Teacher, 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| pupil, Bi  | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | rd |
| Teacher, 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| pupil, Mo  | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | le |
| Teacher, 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| pupil, Mo  | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | ve |
| Teacher, 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| pupil, O   | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | r  |
| Teacher, 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| pupil, No  | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | +  |



## CHAPTER IX.

## TWENTY-FIFTH LESSON.

NOTE.—In the following selections the capital letter (R) denotes the place for respiration, or drawing the breath. But let it not be understood that the places thus denoted are the only places at which the breath should be taken ; or, that it should always be taken at them, unless as an exercise for the voice. Some persons can read, speak, or sing much longer with one breath, than others. Therefore no definite rules for respiration should be given.

## THE RAINBOW.

Baldwin's Lond. Magazine.

- (R) The evening was glorious, and light through the trees
- (R) Play'd the sunshine and rain-drops, the birds and the breeze,
- (R) The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
- (R) On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.
  
- (R) For the queen of the Spring, as she päss'd down the vale,  
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale ;
- (R) And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,  
And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.
  
- (R) The skies, like a banner in sun-set unroll'd,  
O'er the west threw their splendor of äzure and gold ;
- (R) But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increas'd,  
Till its margin of black touch'd the zënith, and east.
  
- (R) We gazed on the scenes, while around us they glow'd,  
When a vision of beauty appear'd on the cloud ;—
- (R) 'Twas not like the Sun, as at mid-day we view,  
Nor the Moon, that rolls nightly through star-light and blue
  
- (R) Like a spirit, it came in the van of a storm !  
And the eye. and the heart, hail'd its beautiful form,
- (R) For it look'd not severe, like an Angel of Wräth,  
But its garment of brightness illumed its dark path.



- (R) In the hues of its grandeur, sublimely it stood,  
O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood ;
- (R) And river, field, village, and woodlands grew bright,  
As conscious they gave and afforded delight.
- (R) 'Twas the bow of Omnipotence, bent in His hand  
Whose grasp at Creation the universe spann'd ;
- (R) 'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime,  
His vow from the flood to the exit of time.
- (R) Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind he pleads,  
When storms are his chariot, and lightnings his steeds,
- (R) The black clouds his banner of vengeance unfurl'd,  
And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world ;—
- (R) In the breath of his presence, when thousands expire,  
And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
- (R) And the sword and the plague-spot, with death strew the  
plain,  
And vultures, and wolves, are the graves of the slain
- (R) Not such was the Rainbow, that beautiful one !  
Whose arch was refraction, its keystone—the Sun ,
- (R) A pavilion it seem'd which the Deity graced,  
And Justice and Mercy met there, and embraced.
- (R) Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,  
Like Love o'er a death couch, or Hope o'er the tomb ;  
Then left the dark scene ; whence it slowly retired,  
As Love had just vanished, or Hope had expired
- (R) I gazed not alone on that source of my song ;  
To all who beheld it these verses belong ;  
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord !  
Each full heart expanded, grew warm, and adored.
- (R) Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,  
That bow, from my sight, pass'd for ever away :  
Like that visit, that converse, that day—to my heart,  
That bow from remembrance can never depart.

(R) 'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,  
 With the strong and unperishing colors of mind :  
 A part of my being beyond my control,  
 Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

#### TWENTY-SIXTH LESSON.

Extract from Heroines of Sacred History, by Mrs. Steele

#### HEROISM OF DEBORAH.

(R) NIGHT with her lustrous stars, her silence and repose, had passed away, (R) and soft-eyed dawn, heralded by gentle zephyrs, and breathing out perfume, (R) arose from Asia's mists like the poet's Venus from the sea, (R) all smiles and gladness. (R) Each flower threw out its fairy petals, (R) and wafted forth its fragrant incense to the day. (R) Almond and citron blossoms, brilliant pomegranate, (R) and oleander tossed the dew from their delicate heads, (R) and shook their fragile branches in the morning breeze. (R) The birds were on every bough (R) singing their rejoicings to the coming day; (R) for as yet the sun had not appeared, (R) but clouds of rose and purple told of his near approach, (R) and threw a softened radiance over plain and hill and valley. (R) A clear and gentle river—Kishon, (R) "that ancient river, the river Kishon," (R) wound through the verdant plain. (R) By its side arose a sloping hill, (R) whose summit was crowned by a grove of oaks and elms, (R) among whose shadows a lordly temple was just made visible (R) as the sun's first rays fell on the hill-top, (R) while all below still lay in shade. (R) The rising light revealed its snowy porticos and lofty arches, (R) and graceful columns of rare proportion; (R) then passing down the hill shone on a procession of solemn worshippers (R) who were winding along the river's bank, and ascending to the temple above. (R) Conspicuous among the throng were the sacred oxen, (R) who gaily decorated with ribbons, and wreathed with roses, (R) were led by young boys clad in white robes (R) and crowned with garlands. (R) Behind them came a train of women dancing, (R) and singing to instruments of music; (R) while preceding and around the victims were several hundred priests (R) whose black robes threw the only shadow over a landscape (R) now brightly illumin-

ed by the broadly risen sun. (R) The procession ascended the hill ; (R) the temple doors were thrown open ; (R) the priests entered and advanced to the altar. (R) There upon two pedestals, stood the gods they came to worship. (R) The one, a man cast in brass, having an ox's head—(R) the other of marble, and human shape, clothed in a coat of golden mail, (R) wearing a crown and wielding a sword ; (R) the former was Moloch, and the latter Baal. (R) To these gods of marble and gold (R) the priests and people had come to ask for protection from a powerful enemy, (R) who in predatory bands made inroads upon them, (R) and carried away flocks, and people, and goods.

Reader, canst thou say in what land arose this temple, (R) these images of marble, and these idol worshippers ? (R) Canst thou believe it was in Israel ? (R) In the promised land ? (R) Alas—it was the dear-bought land of Canaan (R) and these deluded idolators were the sons of Judah, (R) once God's own peculiar people !

#### TWENTY-SEVENTH LESSON

Extract from the same.

#### HEROISM OF JEPHTAH'S DAUGHTER.

The city of Gilead was filled with rejoicing (R) that their enemy was repelled, (R) and its streets were crowded with the citizens, (R) eager to behold the triumphant entry (R) of their victorious leader. (R) Jephthah approached, seated in a brazen chariot (R) surrounded by his steel clad warriors. (R) His robe of blue embroidered with gold, (R) was bound by a broad girdle of golden mail, (R) a sword hung in chains from his side, and shoes of brass defended his feet, (R) a scarlet mantle fell from his shoulders, and around his head (R) was a band of steel chain-work, from which, projected in front, (R) a horn of gold, giving him a fierce and terrible appearance. (R) When the procession arrived before the house of Jephthah (R) the gate was thrown open, and a group of young girls came dancing forth, (R) mingling their jocund music with the cheers of the populace. (R) What saw the conqueror in yon joyous train, (R) that he started as if a shot from the enemy's archers had stricken him !—(R) why bowed his lofty head unto his bosom ? (R) At the head of the youthful train came the hero's



daughter, his only child, (R) holding aloft the sweet sounding timbrel, and attired as became a ruler's daughter, (R) in a robe of divers colors, richly embroidered (R) with gorgeous feather-work, and gold, and silk of varied dyes. (R) A fillet of white roses bound her dark tresses, (R) and her tiny feet were strapped in scarlet sandals. (R) Smiles lighted up her fair face, and her soft dove's eyes (R) beamed with filial tenderness (R) when raised to her lordly father.

(R) Behind her, were the maidens of Gilead, clad in white, with chaplets of red roses; (R) their slender ancles circled with silver bells. (R) Like leaves from a gay parterre\* swept onward by a summer breeze, (R) these lovely flow'rets floated in mazy whirls (R) until beside the chariot of the conqueror. (R) The daughter of Jephthah approached her father, (R) and when the people looked to see him fold her in his embrace (R) with a frantic start, he rent the bosom of his gilded robe, (R) and covering his head with his mantle (R) he groaned with anguish. (R) "My father!" said a gentle voice beside him. (R) "Alas, my daughter!" (R) cried the conqueror, with a burst of agony (R)—"From my high estate of joy thou hast brought me low down in the dust!" (R) There was deep silence while he spoke—"O God, forgive me! (R) my child, forgive me! (R) When I faced the children of Ammon in battle, (R) I vowed, if the Lord would deliver them into my hands, (R) I would offer up, as sacrifice unto him, (R) the first that came forth from my house to meet me! (R) Thou art the first—my child! my only one!"

(R) A deep consternation fell upon the hearts of all, when this rash vow was heard—(R) on all, save upon that fair and gentle creature who was the victim. (R) With brow unblanched, and with a glow of generous self-devotion, she said to Jephthah—" (R) My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth to the Lord, (R) do unto me as thou hast vowed. (R) Thy God hath made thee conqueror over thy enemies—(R) the children of Ammon have fallen before thee, (R) and if I am to be the price of victory, (R) take me and do unto me according to thy vow. (R) I die for my country and for my father—(R) in that death there is no bitterness."

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\* Parterre pronounced *partare*—a flower-garden.

## CHAPTER X.

## TWENTY-EIGHTH LESSON.

## GESTURE.

*Fig. 1.*

A graceful and impressive action is one of the highest accomplishments of the orator. So it was deemed by the celebrated orators of Athens and Rome. Its importance gives it a just claim to the special attention of teachers of Elocution. But in a volume of this size, a full treatise on this subject cannot be expected.

The following figures are designed to give the pupil a general idea of appropriate gestures, and to enable him to exercise his own taste and judgment, in the use of such other gestures, as may enforce and illustrate the various thoughts and sentiments he may be called upon to utter

## SOME OF THE SIGNIFICANT GESTURES.

*The Head and Face.*

The hanging down of the head denotes shame or grief

The holding of it up, pride or courage.

To nod forward implies assent.

To toss the head back, dissent.

The inclination of the head implies bashfulness or languor

The head is averted in dislike or horror.

It leans forward in attention

*The Eyes*

The eyes are raised in prayer.  
They weep in sorrow.  
They burn in anger.  
They are downcast or averted in anger  
They are cast on vacancy in thought.  
They are thrown in different directions in doubt and anxiety.

*The Arms.*

The arm is projected forward in authority.  
Both arms are spread extended in admiration.  
They are both held forward in imploring help  
They both fall suddenly in disappointment.

*The Hands.*

The hand on the head indicates pain or distress  
On the eyes, shame.  
On the lips, injunction of silence.  
On the breast, it appeals to conscience, or intimates strong internal emotion.

The hand waves or flourishes in joy or contempt  
Both hands are held supine, applied or clasped in prayer.  
Both descend prone in blessing.  
They are clasped or wrung in affliction

*The Body*

The body, held erect, indicates steadiness and courage  
Thrown back, pride.  
Stooping forward, condescension or compassion.  
Bending, reverence or respect.  
Prostration, the utmost humility or abasement.

*The Lower Limbs.*

Their firm position signifies courage or obstinacy  
Bended knees, timidity or weakness.  
Frequent change, disturbed thoughts  
They advance in desire or courage.  
Retire in aversion or fear.  
Start in terror.  
Stamp in authority or anger.  
Kneel in submission and prayer.

Fig. 2.

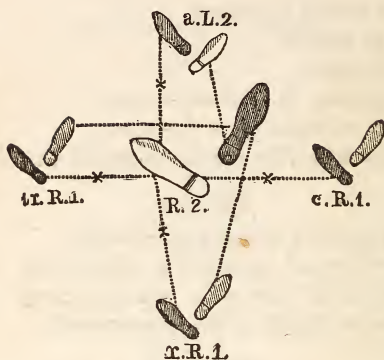
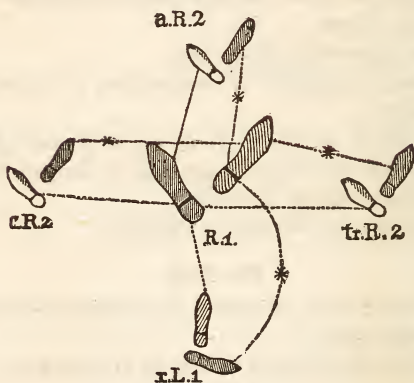


Fig. 3.



In the second and third figures, the foot which is deeply shaded supports the principal part of the body, and that which is lightly shaded rests lightly upon the floor. The resting foot moves first, in changing the position.

The two feet in the centre of each figure, represent the starting point, or original position. The direction in which the feet move, is marked by dotted lines. The line in which the first foot moves is distinguished by a star. In each figure four steps may be made from each starting point or original position.

Fig. 4.



POINTING TO THE ZENITH.

Fig. 5.



CONVERSATION.

In Figures 3 and 4, r is abbreviated for rest, d for downwards, h for horizontal, e for elevated, z for zenith; denoting the direction of the arm.

Fig. 6



APPEALING TO CONSCIENCE.

Fig. 7.



INTENSE GRIEF.



*Fig. 8.***EARNEST APPEAL***Fig. 9***HORROR OR EXTREME AVERSION***Fig. 10***ADMIRATION OF SURROUNDING  
OBJECTS***Fig. 11***APPEALING TO HEAVEN.**



Fig. 12.



JOY

Fig. 13.



TRIUMPH

Fig. 14.



MELANCHOLY

Fig 15



DISTRESS

Fig. 16.



“A widow cries, Be husband  
to me, heaven.”

*King John, act 3, sc 1*

Fig. 17.



“This arm shall vindicate a  
father’s cause

*Grecian Daughter scene last*

Fig. 18.



“See where she stands  
like Helen.”

*Fair Penitent, act 5, sc. 1.*

Fig. 19.



“Jehovah’s arm snatched  
from the waves and brings  
to me my child.”

*Douglas, act 3, sc. 2.*

## TWENTY-NINTH LESSON.

NOTE.—The little stars in each of the following figures show the place of the position of the hands in the preceding figure; and the dotted lines show the direction of transition from one gesture to another. But it may not be advisable to aim at precise imitation in making the transitions. These lines, as well as the figures to which they are attached, are designed to serve only as a general guide.

## THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

Fig. 20.



The wind was high—

Fig. 21.



the window shakes;

Fig. 22.



With sudden start the miser  
wakes !

Fig. 23



Along the silent room he  
stalks ;

*Fig. 24.*

Looks back,

*Fig. 25.*

and trembles as he walks!

*Fig. 26.*

Each lock, and every  
bolt he tries,

*Fig. 27.*

In ev'ry creek and corner  
pries ;

*Fig. 28.*

Then opes his chest, with  
treasure stor'd,

*Fig. 29.*

And stands in rapture o'er  
his hoard :

*Fig. 30*



But now with sudden  
qualms possest,

*Fig. 31.*



He wrings his hands; he  
beats his breast—

*Fig. 32*



By conscience stung, he  
wildly stares;

*Fig. 33.*



And thus his guilty soul  
declares :

*Fig. 34.*



Had the deep earth her  
stores confin'd,

*Fig. 35*

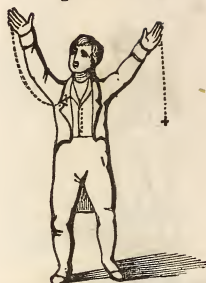


This heart had known  
sweet peace of mind;



*Fig. 36.*

But virtue's sold !

*Fig. 37.*

Good gods ! what price

*Fig. 38.*

Can recompense the pangs  
of vice ?

*Fig. 39.*

O bane of good !  
seducing cheat !

*Fig. 40.*

Can man, weak man,

*Fig. 41.*

thy power defeat ?

*Fig. 42.*



Gold banish'd honor from  
the mind,

*Fig. 43.*



And only left the name  
behind;

*Fig. 44.*



Gold sow'd the world with  
ev'ry ill;

*Fig. 45.*



Gold taught the murd'rer's  
sword to kill:

*Fig. 46.*



'Twas gold instructed coward  
hearts

*Fig. 47.*



In treach'ry's more  
pernicious arts,

Fig. 48.



Who can recount the  
mischiefs o'er ?

Fig. 49.



Virtue resides on  
earth no more !

THE SAME WITHOUT THE FIGURES—

The wind was high—the window shakes ;  
 With sudden start the miser wakes !  
 Along the silent room he stalks ;  
 Looks back, and trembles as he walks !  
 Each lock, and every bolt he tries,  
 In ev'ry creek and corner pries ;  
 Then opes his chest, with treasure stor'd,  
 And stands in rapture o'er his hoard :  
 But now with sudden qualms possess'd,  
 He wrings his hands ; he beats his breast—  
 By conscience stung, he wildly stares ;  
 And thus his guilty soul declares :  
 Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,  
 This heart had known sweet peace of mind ;  
 But virtue's sold ! good gods ! what price  
 Can recompense the pangs of vice !  
 O bane of good ! seducing cheat !  
 Can man, weak man, thy power defeat ?  
 Gold banish'd honor from the mind,  
 And only left the name behind ;  
 Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill ;  
 Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill .  
 'Twas gold instructed coward hearts  
 In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.  
 Who can recount the mischiefs o'er ?  
 Virtue resides on earth no more !

## CHAPTER XI.

## SELECTIONS FOR DECLAMATION.

**NOTE.**—In the following Selections the sign of the Rhetorical Pause is made in most of the places authorized by the Rules of Rhetorical Punctuation. A strict attention to these pauses will conduce greatly to the pupil's improvement in Elocution.—The Sections are made short to accommodate young pupils, and those who may not wish to commit to memory a whole Lesson.

## THIRTIETH LESSON.

SPEECH OF JAMES OTIS.—*Francis.**Section 1.*

ENGLAND | may as well dam up the waters of the Nile | with bulrushes, as to fetter the step of freedom, more proud and firm | in this youthful land, than where she treads the sequestered\* glens of Scotland, or couches herself | among the magnificent mountains | of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those against which we now contend, have cost one king of England his life, another his crown, and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

We are two millions—one-fifth fighting men. We are bold and vigorous, and we call no man master. To the nation, from whom we are proud to derive our origin, we ever were, and we ever will be, ready to yield unforced assistance; but it must not, and it never can be extorted.†

Some have sneeringly asked, "Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?" No! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds, implies the right to take a thousand; and what must be the wealth, that avarice, aided by power, cannot exhaust? True, the spectre‡ is now small; but the shadow | he casts before him | is huge enough to darken all this fair land. Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude | which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth | on the solitude

\* *Sequestered*, secluded—at a distance from other inhabited places.

† *Extorted*, gained by force.

‡ *Spectre*, an apparition—a ghost.

of the mountain, or left it | amid the winds and storms of the desert.

### Section 2.

We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the fagot and torch were behind us. We have waked the new world from its savage lethargy;\* forests have been prostrated | in our path; towns and cities have grown up suddenly | as the flowers of the tropics,† and the fires | in our autumnal woods | are scarcely more rapid than the increase of our wealth | and population. And do we owe all this | to the kind succor of the mother country? No! we owe it to the tyranny | that drove us from her | to the pelting storms | which invigorated our helpless infancy

But perhaps others will say, “We ask no money | from your gratitude—we only demand | that you should pay your own expenses.” And who, I pray, is to judge of their necessity? Why, the king—(and with all due reverence | to his sacred majesty, he understands the real wants | of his distant subjects, as little | as he does the language of the Choctaws.) Who is to judge | concerning the frequency of these demands? The ministry. Who is to judge | whether the money | is properly expended? The cabinet | behind the throne. In every instance, those who take are to judge | for those who pay; if this system | is suffered to go into operation, we shall have reason to esteem it a great privilege, that rain and dew | do not depend upon Parliament; otherwise | they would soon be taxed and dried.

But thanks to God there is freedom enough left upon earth | to resist such monstrous injustice. The flame of liberty | is extinguished‡ | in Greece and Rome, but the light of its glowing embers | is still bright and strong | on the shores of America. Actuated by its sacred influence, we will resist | unto death. But we will not countenance anarchy§ and misrule. The wrongs, that a desperate community | have heaped upon their enemies, shall be amply and speedily repaired. Still, it may be well | for some proud men to remember, that a fire is lighted | in these colonies, which ONE BREATH OF THEIR KING | may kindle into such fury, that the blood of all England | cannot extinguish it.

\* *Lethargy*, stupidity, dulness.

‡ *Extinguished*, put out, quenched.

† *Tropics*, warm countries near the equator. § *Anarchy*, want of government.



## THIRTY-FIRST LESSON.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS.—*Sprague.**Section 1.*

ROLL back the tide of time. Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes\* civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox | dug his hole | unscared. Here lived and *loved* | another race of beings. Beneath the same sun | that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer ; gazing on the same moon | that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze | beamed on the tender and helpless, the council fire glared | on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs | in your sedgy† lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe | along your rocky shores. Here they warred ; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here ; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace. Here, too, they worshipped ; and | from many a dark bosom | went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them | on tables of stone, but He had traced them | on the tables of their hearts.

*Section 2.*

The poor child of nature | knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe | he acknowledged | in everything around. He beheld him | in the star that sunk in beauty | behind his lonely dwelling ; in the sacred orb | that flamed on him | from his midday throne ; in the flower that snapped | in the morning breeze ; in the lofty pine, that defied a thousand whirlwinds ; in the timid warbler | that never left its native grove ; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds ; in the worm | that crawled at his foot ; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent, in humble, though blind adoration.

And all this has passed away Across the ocean | came a

---

\* *Embellishes*, makes beautiful.

† *Sedgy*, overgrown with flags.

pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former | were sown for you ; the latter | sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years | have changed the character | of a great continent, and blotted for ever | from its face | a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education | have been too powerful | for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there a stricken few remain, but how unlike their bold, untameable progenitors !\*

### Section 3.

*The Indian*, of falcon† glance, and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone ; and his degraded offspring | crawl upon the soil | where he walked in majesty, to remind *us* how miserable is man | when the foot of the conqueror | is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fire | has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry | is fast dying | to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly | they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom | in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide | which is pressing them away ; they must soon hear the roar | of the last wave, which will settle over them | for ever. Ages hence, the inquisitive‡ white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder | on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder | to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only | in the songs and chronicles | of their exterminators.§ Let these be faithful | to their rude virtues | as men, and pay due tribute | to their unhappy fate | as a people.

\* *Progenitors*, forefathers.

† *Falcon*, pronounced fawk'n—like a hawk.

‡ *Inquisitive*, inquiring with curiosity.

§ *Exterminators*, those who drove them away

## THIRTY-SECOND LESSON.

LAFAYETTE.—*Sprague.**Section 1.*

WHILE we bring our offerings | for the mighty of our own land, shall we not remember the chivalrous\* spirits of other shores, who shared with them the hour of weakness and wo? Pile to the clouds the majestic columns of glory, let the lips of those | who can speak well, hallow each spot | where the bones of your Bold repose; but forget not those | who with your Bold | went out to battle.

Among these men of noble daring, there was ONE, a young and gallant† stranger, who left the blushing vine-hills | of his delightful France. The people whom he came to succor, were not *his* people; he knew them only | in the wicked story of their wrongs. He was no mercenary wretch, striving for the spoil of the vanquished; the palace acknowledged him for its lord, and the valley yielded him its increase. He was no nameless man, staking life for reputation; he ranked among nobles, and looked unawed upon kings. He was no friendless outcast, seeking for a grave | to hide his cold heart; he was girdled | by the companions of his childhood, his kinsmen were about him, his wife was before him.

*Section 2.*

Yet from all these he turned away, and came. Like a lotty tree, that shakes down its green glories | to battle with the winter storm, he flung aside the trappings‡ of place and pride, to crusade for freedom, in freedom's holy land. He came—but not in the day of successful rebellion, not when the new-risen sun of independence | had burst the cloud of time, and careered to its place in the heavens. He came | when darkness curtained the hills, and the tempest was abroad in its anger; when the plough stood still | in the field of promise, and briers cumbered the garden of beauty; when fathers were dying, and mothers were weeping over them; when the wife

\* *Chivalrous*, brave.‡ *Trappings*, ornaments.† *Gallant*, brave.

was binding up the gashed bosom of her husband, and the maiden was wiping the death damp | from the brow of her lover. He came | when the brave began to fear the power of man, and the pious | to doubt the favor of God.

It was then | that this ONE joined the ranks of a revolted\* people. Freedom's little phalanx† bade him a grateful welcome. With them he courted the battle's rage, with their's his arm was lifted ; with their's his blood was shed. Long and doubtful was the conflict. At length kind heaven smiled | on the good cause, and the beaten invaders fled. The profane were driven | from the temple of liberty, and | at her pure shrine | the pilgrim warrior, with his adored commander, knelt and worshipped. Leaving there his offering, the incense of an uncorrupted spirit, he at length rose up, and, crowned with benedictions, turned his happy feet | towards his long-deserted home

### Section 3.

After nearly fifty years | that ONE has come again. Can mortal tongue tell, can mortal heart feel, the sublimity of that coming? Exulting millions rejoice in it, and their loud, long, transporting shout, like the mingling of many winds, rolls on, undying, to freedom's farthest mountains. A congregated nation comes round him. Old men bless him, and children reverence him. The lovely come out to look upon him, the learned deck their halls to greet him, the rulers of the land rise up to do him homage. How his full heart labors! He views the rusting trophies of departed days, he treads the high places | where his brethren moulder, he bends | before the tomb of his "FATHER :"—his words are tears: the speech of sad remembrance. But he looks round | upon a ransomed land | and a joyous race ; he beholds the blessings | those trophies secured, for which those brethren died, for which that "FATHER" lived ; and again his words are tears ; the eloquence of gratitude and joy.

Spread forth creation like a map ; bid earth's dead multitude revive ;—and of all the pageant splendors | that ever glittered to the sun, when looked his burning eye | on a sight like this ?

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\* *Revolted*, rebellious, that had renounced allegiance to their king.

† *Phalanx*, a body of soldiers.



Of all the myriads | that have come and gone, what cherished  
 minion | ever ruled an hour like this? Many have struck the  
 redeeming blow | for their own freedom; but who, like this  
 man, has bared his bosom | in the cause of strangers? Others  
 have lived | in the love of their own people, but who, like this  
 man, has drank his sweetest cup of welcome | with another?  
 Matchless chief! of glory's immortal tablets, there is one for him,  
 for him alone! Oblivion shall never shroud its splendor; the  
 everlasting flame of liberty | shall guard it, that the generations  
 of men | may repeat the name recorded there, the beloved  
 name | of LA FAYETTE!

### THIRTY-THIRD LESSON.

#### ENGLISH TAXES.

Edinburgh Review.

##### *Section 1.*

PERMIT me to inform you, my friends, what are the inevitable consequences | of being too fond of glory;—Taxes—upon every article | which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon everything | which is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion\*—taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth—on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home—taxes on the raw material—taxes on every fresh value | that is added to it | by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce | which pampers man's appetite, and the drug | which restores him to health—on the ermine\* | which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribands of the bride. \* \* \* \*

##### *Section 2.*

The school-boy | whips his taxed top—the beardless youth | manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, | on a taxed road;—and the dying Englishman | pouring his medicine

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\* *Locomotion*, act of moving from one place to another.

† *Ermine*, the fur of an animal called the Ermine.



which has paid seven per cent. into a spoon | that has paid fifteen per cent.—flings himself back | upon his chintz bed | which has paid twenty-two per cent.—makes his will | on an eight pound stamp, and expires | in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of a hundred pounds | for the privilege | of putting him to death. His whole property | is then immediately taxed | from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him | in the chancel ; his virtues are handed down to posterity | on taxed marble , and he is then gathered to his fathers,—to be taxed no more.

### THIRTY-FOURTH LESSON.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Haynes.*

#### *Section 1.*

If there be one state in the Union, Mr. President (and I say it not in a boastful spirit), that may challenge comparison | with any other for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that state | is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the revolution | up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made ; no service | she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you | in your prosperity, but in your adversity she has clung to you | with more than filial affection. No matter | what was the condition of her domestic\* affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country | has been to her | as the voice of God. Domestic discord† ceased | at the sound—every man became at once | reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina | were all seen | crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar | of their common country. What, sir, was the conduct of the south | during the revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct | in that glorious struggle: but great as is the praise | which belongs to her, I think at least | equal honor is due to the south.

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\* *Domestic*, belonging to home.

† *Domestic discord*, discord in our own country.

They espoused\* the quarrel of their brethren | with generous zeal, which did not suffer them to stop | to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen | to create commercial rivalry, they might have found | in their situation a guaranty | that their trade would be for ever fostered | and protected by Great Britain. But trampling on all considerations, either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom. Never was there exhibited | in the history of the world | higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the whigs of Carolina | during that revolution. The whole state, from the mountain to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished | on the spot | where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The “plains of Carolina” drank up the most precious blood of her citizens—black and smoking ruins | marked the places | which had been the habitations of her children! Driven from their homes | into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived† and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumpters and her Marions, proved by her conduct, that | though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people | was invincible.‡

### THIRTY-FIFTH LESSON.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Webster.*

#### *Section 1.*

THE eulogium§ pronounced | on the character of the state of South Carolina | by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence.|| I shall not acknowledge | that the honorable member goes before me | in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim

\* *Espoused*, united in.

† *Survived*, remained alive.

‡ *Invincible*, not to be conquered.

|| *Eulogium*, praise.

§ *Concurrence*, assent.

part of the honor : I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions—Americans all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in | by state lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed\* | within the same narrow limits.

In their day and generation | they served and honored the country, and the whole country, and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him, whose honored name the gentleman bears himself—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened | upon the light in Massachusetts | instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power | to exhibit a Carolina name so bright | as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir,—increased gratification and delight, rather. Sir, I thank God, that if I am gifted with little of the spirit | which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down.

### Section 2.

When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up | beyond the little limits of my own state and neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism,† to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the south—and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened‡ by state jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair | from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections—let me indulge in refreshing remembrances of the past—let me remind you | that in early times no states cherished greater harmony, both of principle and of feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God | that harmony might again return. Shoulder

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\* *Circumscribed*, enclosed.

‡ *Gangrened*, mortified, corrupted.

† *Patriotism*, love of country

to shoulder | they went through the revolution—hand in hand  
 | they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt  
 his own great arm lean on them | for support. Unkind feeling,  
 if it exist, alienation\* and distrust are the growth, unnatural  
 to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds,  
 the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

### Section 3.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium† upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker's Hill; and there they will remain for ever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled | with the soil of every state, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie for ever.

And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured‡ and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness, under salutary§ and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it | from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle | in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm | with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends | who gather round it: and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

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\* *Alienation*, change of affection.

† *Excomium*, praise

‡ *Nurtured*, nourished, cherished.

§ *Salutary*, safe, promoting good



## THIRTY-SIXTH LESSON.

SPEECH AGAINST THE AMERICAN WAR, AND THE EMPLOYMENT OF INDIANS IN IT.—*Chatham.**Section 1.*

I CANNOT, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation\* | on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a periloust† and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation:‡ the smoothness of flattery | cannot save us | in this rugged and awful crisis.§ It is now necessary to instruct the throne|| | in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness | which envelope it, and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support | in their infatuation?¶ Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty as to give their support to measures | thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! But yesterday, and Britain might have stood | against the world; now “none so poor as to do her reverence!”\*\*\*

*Section 2.*

The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted†† against us, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by our inveterate enemy—and ministers do not, and dare not interpose‡‡ with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad | is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the British troops | than I do; I know their virtues and their valor;§§ I know they can achieve||| anything | but impossibilities; and I know | that the conquest of British America | is an impossi-

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\* *Congratulation*, a wishing of joy.

\*\* *Reverence*, veneration, respect.

† *Perilous*, full of danger.

†† *Abetted*, encouraged, aided, supported.

‡ *Adulation*, flattery, praise.

‡‡ *Interpose*, interfere.

§ *Crisis*, a critical time.

§§ *Valor*, courage.

|| *Throne*, the seat of the king.

||| *Achieve*, perform.

¶ *Infatuation*, deprivation of reason, folly.

bility. You CANNOT, my lords, YOU CANNOT CONQUER AMERICA: What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know | that in three campaigns | we have done nothing, and suffered much.

You may swell every expense, accumulate\* every assistance, and extend your traffic | to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent†—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary‡ aid | on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries,§ to overrun them | with the mercenary sons of rapine|| and plunder, devoting them and their possessions | to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—NEVER, NEVER, NEVER !

### Section 3.

But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate | to our arms | the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?—to delegate | to the merciless Indian | the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war | against our brethren? My lords, these enormities¶ cry aloud | for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure | has been defended, not only | on the principles of policy and necessity, but also | on those of morality; “for it is perfectly allowable,” says Lord Suffolk, “to use all the means | which God and nature have put into our hands.” I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed\*\* in this house, or in this country.

\* *Accumulate*, collect together.

† *Impotent*, weak.

‡ *Mercenary*, hired.

§ *Adversary*, an opponent, an enemy.

|| *Rapine*, plunder, violence.

¶ *Enormities*, great crimes, acts of great wickedness.

\*\* *Avowed*, declared openly.



## Section 4.

My lords, I did not intend to encroach\* so much | on your attention, but I cannot repress† my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon | as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—"That God and nature have put into our hands!" What ideas of God and nature | that lord may entertain, I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles | are equally abhorrent | to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature | to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal‡ savage, torturing, murdering, devouring his mangled victims! Such notions | shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation

## Section 5

I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops | to interpose the unsullied§ sanctity of their lawn; upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. | I call upon the honor of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the *genius of the constitution*.

To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom?—your Protestant brethren!—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality | of these horrible hounds of war! Spain | can no longer boast pre-eminence|| in barbarity. She | armed herself with bloodhounds, to extirpate¶ the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war | against our countrymen in America, endeared to us | by every tie | that can sanctify\*\* humanity.

\* *Encroach*, intrude.

† *Repress*, restrain.

‡ *Cannibal*, one that eats human flesh.

§ *Unsullied*, not stained, pure.

|| *Pre-eminence*, superiority.

¶ *Extirpate*, root out, destroy.

\*\* *Sanctify*, to make sacred.

I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men | in the state, to stamp | upon this infamous procedure | the indelible\* stigma† | of the public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the holy prelates‡ of our religion | to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration, to purify the country | from this deep and deadly sin. My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation | were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head | upon my pillow, without giving vent | to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous§ | and preposterous|| principles.

## THIRTY-SEVENTH LESSON.

SPEECH IN FAVOR OF WAR WITH ENGLAND.—*Patrick Henry.*

## Section 1

MR. President, it is natural to man | to indulge in the illusions¶ of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes | against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren,\*\* till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous†† struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things | which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the WHOLE TRUTH; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that | is the lamp of EXPERIENCE. I know of no way of judging of the future | but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know | what there has been | in the conduct of the British ministry | for the last ten years, to justify those hopes | with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace‡‡ themselves and the house. Is it that insidious§§ smile | with which

\* *Indelible*, that cannot be blotted out.

† *Stigma*, mark of disgrace.

‡ *Prelates*, archbishops, or bishops

§ *Enormous*, very wicked.

|| *Preposterous*, absurd.

¶ *Illusions*, deceptive appearances.

\*\* *Siren*, a goddess noted for singing.

†† *Arduous*, difficult.

‡‡ *Solace*, comfort.

§§ *Insidious*, deceptive.

our petition | has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves | how this gracious reception of our petition | comports with those warlike preparations | which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies | necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in | to win back our love?

Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These | are the implements\* of war and subjugation;† the last arguments | to which kings resort.

### Section 2

I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial‡ array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain | any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry | have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that | for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up | in every light | of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty | and humble supplication? What terms shall we find | which have not already been exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything | that could be done, to avert the storm | which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated,‡ we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves | before the throne, and have implored its interposition | to arrest the tyrannical hand of the ministry and parliament.|| Our petitions have been slighted;

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\* *Implements*, instruments.

† *Subjugation*, the act of conquering or enslaving.

‡ *Martial*, warlike.

§ *Remonstrate*, to urge reasons against, to expostulate.

|| *Parliament*, the legislature of Great Britain, composed of the House of Lords and the House of Commons.

our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt | from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate\* those inestimable privileges | for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle | in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon | until the glorious object of our contest | shall be obtained, we must fight; I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

### Section 3.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak, unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be next week, or the next year? Will it be | when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive† phantom‡ of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us | hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use | of those means | which the God of nature | hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that | which we possess, are invincible by any force | which our enemy | can send against us.

Besides, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God | who presides§ over the destinies|| of nations, and who will raise up friends | to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant,¶ the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we are base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery.

\* *Inviolable*, uninjured.

† *Delusive*, deceptive.

‡ *Phantom*, apparition, ghost.

§ *Presides over*, controls, directs.

|| *Destinies*, fates,

¶ *Vigilant*, watchful.



Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard | on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable,\* and let it come! I repeat it, sir, LET IT COME!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace! but there is no peace! The war is actually begun! The next gale | that sweeps from the north | will bring to our ears | the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery. \* \* \* \* I know not what course others may take; but as for me, GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME DEATH!

### THIRTY-EIGHTH LESSON.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS IN FAVOR OF THE  
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—*D. Webster.*

#### *Section 1.*

SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart | to this vote! It is true, indeed, that, in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there is a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England | has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for our good | she has obstinately persisted, till independence | is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak | as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair; is not he, our venerable colleague† near you; are not both already the proscribed‡ and predestined§ objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

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\* *Inevitable*, unavoidable,

† *Colleague*, partner in office.

‡ *Proscribed*, doomed, condemned.

§ *Predestined*, predetermined, determined beforehand.



## Section 2.

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston port-bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent | that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country | and its rights | trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation | ever entered into by men—that plighting,\* before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards† of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives?

## Section 3.

I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration | sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot | or tittle | of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver | in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through.

## Section 4.

And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat‡ with us, which they never can do, while we acknowledge ourselves subjects | in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England, herself will sooner treat for peace with us | on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing‡ her acts,|| to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us | has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded | by submitting to that course of things |

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\* *Plighting*, pledging.

† *Hazards*, dangers.

‡ *Treat*, negotiate, transact national business.

§ *Repealing*, annulling, making void.

|| *Acts*, laws

which now predestines our independence, than by yielding the point in controversy | to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard | as the result of fortune; the latter | she could feel | as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil\* | to a national war? And, since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

#### Section 5.

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause | will raise up armies; the cause | will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know | that resistance to British aggression† | is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war | for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered‡ immunities,§ held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew | the breath of life.

#### Section 6.

Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty | will cling round it, resolved to stand or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons | fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord—and the very walls | will cry out in its support.

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\* *Civil war*, a war between people of the same country.

† *Aggression*, acts of violence.

‡ *Chartered*, granted by a king, or legislature.

§ *Immunities*, privileges.

*Section 7.*

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs ; but I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to see the time | when this declaration shall be made good. We may die ; die, colonists ; die, slaves ; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of heaven | that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready | at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

*Section 8.*

But, whatever may be our fate, be assured | that this declaration | will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood ; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it, with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return | they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it.—All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it ; and I leave off as I began, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment ;—  
INDEPENDENCE NOW ; and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER !

## THIRTY-NINTH LESSON.

AMERICA.—*C. Phillips.**Section 1*

THE mention of America | has never failed to fill me | with the most lively emotion. In my earliest youth, that tender season | when impressions, at once the most permanent and the most powerful, are likely to be excited, the story of her then recent struggle | raised a throb in every heart | that loved liberty, and wrung a reluctant tribute | even from discomfited oppression. I saw her spurning alike the luxuries that would enervate,\* and the legions | that would intimidate;† dashing from her lips | the poisoned cup of European servitude; and, through all the vicissitudes‡ of her protracted§ conflict, displaying a magnanimity|| | that defied misfortune, a moderation | that gave new grace to victory. It was the first vision of my childhood; it will descend with me to the grave.

\*        \*        \*        \*        \*        \*        \*

*Section 2.*

Search creation round, where can you find a country | that presents so sublime a view, so interesting an anticipation? What noble institutions! What a comprehensive policy!¶ What a wise equalization of every political advantage! The oppressed of all countries, the martyrs\*\* of every creed,†† the innocent victims‡‡ of despotic arrogance§§ or superstitious frenzy,||| may there find a refuge; his industry encouraged, his piety respected, his ambition animated; with no restraint | but those laws, which are the same to all, and no distinction but

\* *Enervate* [accented on the second syllable], deprive of strength or vigor, weaken.

† *Intimidate*, make fearful, frighten.

‡ *Vicissitudes*, changes.

§ *Protracted*, lengthened.

|| *Magnanimity*, greatness of mind.

¶ *Policy*, system of government.

\*\* *Martyrs*, those who are put to death for their opinions

†† *Creed*, belief.

‡‡ *Despotic*, tyrannical, oppressive.

§§ *Arrogance*, haughtiness.

||| *Frenzy*, madness.

that, which his merit may originate. Who can deny | that the existence of such a country | presents a subject for human congratulation! Who can deny, that its gigantic advancement | offers a field for the most rational conjecture! At the end of the next century,\* if she proceeds | as she seems to promise, what a wondrous spectacle may she not exhibit! Who shall say | for what purpose | a mysterious Providence may not have designed her! Who shall say | that when, in its follies or its crimes, the old world may have interred† all the pride of its power, and all the pomp of its civilisation, human nature | may not find its destined renovation‡ in the new!

### Section 3.

For myself, I have no doubt of it. I have not the least doubt, that when our temples and our trophies | shall have mouldered into dust—when the glories of our name | shall be but the legend§ of tradition, and the light of our achievements | only live in song, philosophy will rise again | in the sky of her Franklin, and glory rekindle | at the urn of her Washington. Is this the vision of a romantic fancy? Is it even improbable? Is it half so improbable as the events, which | for the last twenty years | have rolled like successive|| tides | over the surface of the European world, each erasing¶ the impression | that preceded it?

Thousands upon thousands, Sir, I know there are, who will consider this supposition | as wild and whimsical; but they have dwelt | with little reflection | upon the records of the past. They have but ill-observed the never-ceasing progress of national rise | and national ruin. They form their judgment | on the deceitful stability of the present hour, never considering the innumerable monarchies and republics, in former days, apparently as permanent, their very existence | become now the subjects of speculation\*\*—I had almost said, of scepticism.††

### Section 4.

I appeal to History! Tell me, thou reverend chronicler‡‡ of

\* *Century*, a hundred years.

† *Interred*, buried.

‡ *Renovation*, renewal.

§ *Legend*, fable.

|| *Successive*, following in order

¶ *Erasing*, blotting out.

\*\* *Speculation*, consideration.

†† *Scepticism*, doubt.

‡‡ *Chronicler*, historian.



the grave, can all the illusions of ambition realized, can all the wealth of an universal commerce, can all the achievements of successful heroism, or all the establishments of this world's wisdom, secure to empire the permanency of its possessions? Alas! Troy thought so once; yet the land of Priam lives only in song! Thebes thought so once, yet her hundred gates have crumbled, and her very tombs | are but as the dust | they were vainly intended to commemorate. So thought Palmyra—where is she? So thought the countries of Demosthenes and the Spartan, yet Leonidas | is trampled | by the timid slave, and Athens insulted | by the servile, mindless,\* and enervate† Ottoman. In his hurried march Time has but looked | at their imagined immortality‡—and all their vanities, from the palace to the tomb, have, with their ruins, erased the very impression of his footsteps! The days of their glory | are as if they had never been; and the island, that was then a speck, rude and neglected | in the barren ocean, now rivals the ubiquity§ of their commerce, the glory of their arms, the fame of their philosophy, the eloquence of their senate, and the inspiration of their bards!

Who shall say, then, contemplating the past, that ENGLAND, proud and potent | as she appears, may not one day be what Athens is, and the young AMERICA | yet soar to be what Athens WAS?

## FORTIETH LESSON.

ROLLA'S ADDRESS TO THE PERUVIANS.—*Sheridan.*

### Section 1.

My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame!—can Rolla's words add vigor | to the virtuous energies | which inspire your hearts?—No!—You have judged as I have; the foulness of the crafty plea | by which these bold invaders | would delude you. Your generous spirit | has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours.

\* *Mindless*, heedless, ignorant.

† *Enervate*, powerless.

‡ *Immortality*, endless existence.

§ *Ubiquity*, existence everywhere.

THEY, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule ;—WE, for our country, our altars,\* and our homes. THEY follow an adventurer | whom they fear, and obey a power | which they hate :—WE serve a monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore. Where'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress ! Where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship.

*Section 2.*

They boast | they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error !—yes :—they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves | the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection—Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them ! They call on us | to barter all the good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better | which they promise. Be our plain answer this :—The throne we honor | is the people's choice—the laws we reverence | are our brave fathers' legacy† —the faith we follow | teaches us to live in bonds of charity | with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss | beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them, too, we seek no change ; and, least of all, such change as they would bring us.

FORTY-FIRST LESSON.

WASHINGTON.—*C. Phillips.*

*Section 1.*

ALLOW me to add one flower to the chaplet,‡ which, though it sprang in America, is no exotic.§ Virtue planted it, and it is naturalized everywhere. I see you anticipate me—I see you concur with me, that it matters very little what spot may be the birth-place of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him. The boon|| of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his resi-

\* *Altar*, a place for sacrifice or worship.

† *Legacy*, what is left by will.

‡ *Chaplet*, a wreath of flowers.

§ *Exotic*, a foreign plant.

|| *Boon*, a gift.

dence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm had passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared! how bright, in the brow of the firmament, was the planet which it revealed to us!

### Section 2.

In the production of Washington, it does really appear | as if Nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world | were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances, no doubt there were, splendid exemplifications\* of some singular qualification: Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington | to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master.

As a general, he marshalled the peasant† into a veteran,‡ and supplied by discipline | the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet§ | into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that, to the soldier and the statesman, he almost added the character of the sage!|| A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command.

Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have doubted | what station to assign him: whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes, or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation

### Section 3.

Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemi-

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\* *Exemplifications*, illustrations by examples.

§ *Cabinet*, a council room.

† *Peasant*, one who labors in the country.

|| *Sage*, a wise man

‡ *Veteran*, an old soldier.

sphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life | to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created !

“ How shall we rank thee upon Glory’s page,  
Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage ?  
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,  
Far less than all thou hast forborne to be ! ”

Such, sir, is the testimony of one not to be accused of partiality | in his estimate of America. Happy, proud America ! The lightnings of heaven | yielded to your philosophy ! The temptations of earth | could not seduce your patriotism.

## FORTY-SECOND LESSON.

### SCOTLAND.—*Flagg.*

#### *Section 1.*

STATESMEN—scholars—divines—heroes and poets—do you want exemplars\* worthy of study and imitation ? Where will you find them brighter than in Scotland ? Where can you find them purer than in Scotland ? Here no Solon, indulging imagination, has pictured the perfectibility† of man. No Lycurgus, viewing him through the medium of human frailty alone, has left for his government an iron code‡ graven on eternal adamant.§ No Plato, dreaming in the luxurious gardens of the Academy, has fancied what he should be, and bequeathed a republic of love. But sages, knowing their weakness, have appealed to his understanding, cherished his virtues, and chastised his vices.

Friends of learning ! would you do homage | at the shrine of literature ? Would you visit her clearest founts ?—Go to Scotland. Are you philosophers, seeking to explore the hidden mysteries of mind ?—Bend to the genius of Stewart ! Student, merchant, or mechanic, do you seek usefulness ?—Consult the pages of Black and of Adam Smith. Grave barrister ! would you know the law—the true, the sole expression of the people’s will ?—There stands the mighty Mansfield !

\* *Exemplars*, patterns, models.

‡ *Code*, a system of laws.

† *Perfectibility*, capacity for becoming perfect.

§ *Adamant*, a very hard stone



## Section 2.

Servants of Him, whose name is above every other name, and not to be mentioned—recur to days | that are past: to days | that can never be blotted from the history of the church. Visit the mountains of Scotland; contemplate the stern Cameronian, the rigid covenanter, the enduring puritan. Follow them to their burrows | beneath the earth; to their dark, bleak caverns in the rocks. See them hunted like beasts of prey. See them emaciated,\* worn with disease, clung with famine—yet laboring | with supernatural† zeal—in feeding the hungry | with that bread | which gives life for ever more. Go view them, and when you preach faith, hope, charity, fortitude and long-suffering—forget them not; the meek, the bold, the patient, gallant Puritans of Scotland.

Land of the mountain, the torrent and dale!—Do we look for high examples | of noble daring? Where shall we find them brighter than in Scotland? From the “bonny‡ highland heather”§ of her lofty summits, to the modest lily of the vale, not a flower | but has blushed with patriot blood.

## Section 3.

From the proud foaming crest of Solway, to the calm polished breast of Loch Katrine, not a river or lake but has swelled with the life-tide of freemen! Would you witness greatness?—Contemplate a Wallace and a Bruce. They fought not for honors, for party, for conquest. 'Twas for their country and their country's good; religion, liberty and law. Would you ask for chivalry?—that high and delicate sense of honor, which deems a stain upon one's country—as individual disgrace; that moral courage | which measures danger, and meets it against known odds; that patriot valor, which would rather repose | on a death-bed of laurels | than flourish in wealth and power | under the night-shade of despotism?—Citizen soldier, turn to Lochiel; “proud bird of the mountain!” Though pierced with the usurper's|| arrow, his plumage still shines |

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\* *Emaciated*, reduced in flesh, lean.

† *Supernatural*, being beyond the laws of nature, miraculous.

‡ *Bonny*, beautiful.

§ *Heather*, a plant, bearing a beautiful flower.

|| *Usurper*, one who takes possession wrongfully



through the cloud of oppression, lighting to honor all | who nobly dare to “do or die.”

Where then can we better look | for all that is worthy of honest ambition, than to Scotland?

## FORTY-THIRD LESSON.

### THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.—*Burke.*

#### *Section 1.*

It is now sixteen or seventeen years | since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness,\* at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere | she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star; full of life, and splendor, and joy.

Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate | without emotion that elevation | and that fall!

Little did I dream | that when she added titles of veneration | to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote† against disgrace | concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters heaped upon her—in a nation of gallant men; in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers.‡ I thought ten thousand swords | must have leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look | that threatened her with insult.

#### *Section 2.*

But the age of chivalry§ | is gone. That of sophisters,|| economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe | is extinguished for ever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty¶ to rank and sex, that proud sub-

\* *Dauphiness*, a female relative of the King of France, who, by law, is entitled to succeed him or become a queen after his death.

† *Antidote*, remedy.

‡ *Cavaliers*, knights, gallant and noble men.

§ *Chivalry*, knighthood, the dignity of a knight.

|| *Sophisters*, artful, deceptive reasoners.

¶ *Loyalty*, fidelity, regard, usually it signifies fidelity to the king.

mission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom.

The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise—is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound; which inspired courage, whilst it mitigated ferocity; which ennobled whatever it touched; and under which vice itself | lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

## FORTY-FOURTH LESSON.

### NATIONAL GLORY.—*Clay.*

#### *Section 1.*

WE are asked, what have we gained by the war? I have shown | that we have lost nothing | in rights, territory, or honor; nothing | for which we ought to have contended, according to the principles of the gentlemen | on the other side, or according to our own. Have we gained nothing by the war? Let any man | look at the degraded condition of this country | before the war, the scorn of the universe, the contempt of ourselves, and tell me | if we have gained nothing by the war. What is our present situation? Respectability and character abroad, security and confidence at home. If we have not obtained, in the opinion of some, the full measure of retribution, our character and constitution | are placed on a solid basis,\* never to be shaken.

The glory | acquired by our gallant tars, by our Jacksons and our Browns on the land—is that nothing? True, we had our vicissitudes: there were humiliating events | which the patriot cannot review | without deep regret—but the great account, when it comes to be balanced, will be found vastly in our favor. Is there a man | who would obliterate | from the proud pages of our history | the brilliant achievements of Jackson, Brown, and Scott, and the host of heroes | on land and sea, whom I cannot enumerate? Is there a man | who could not

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\* *Basis* foundation

desire a participation | in the national glory acquired by the war? Yes, national glory, which, however the expression may be condemned by some, must be cherished by every genuine patriot.

*Section 2.*

What do I mean | by national glory? Glory such as Hull, Jackson, and Perry | have acquired. And are gentlemen insensible to their deeds—to the value of them | in animating the country | in the hour of peril hereafter? Did the battle of Thermopylæ | preserve Greece but once? Whilst the Mississippi | continues to bear the tributes of the Iron Mountains and the Alleghanies | to her Delta and to the Gulf of Mexico, the eighth of January | shall be remembered, and the glory of that day | shall stimulate future patriots, and nerve the arms of unborn freemen | in driving the presumptuous invader | from our country's soil.

Gentlemen may boast of their insensibility\* to feelings inspired | by the contemplation of such events. But I would ask, does the recollection of Bunker's Hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown, afford them no pleasure? Every act of noble sacrifice to the country, every instance of patriotic devotion to her cause, has its beneficial influence. A nation's character | is the sum of its splendid deeds; they constitute one common patrimony,† the nation's inheritance. They awe foreign powers—they arouse and animate our own people. I love true glory. It is this sentiment | which ought to be cherished; and, in spite of cavils, and sneers, and attempts to put it down, it will finally conduct this nation | to that height | to which God | and nature | have destined it.

## FORTY-FIFTH LESSON.

### THE NECESSITY OF UNION.—*Webster.*

*Section 1.*

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept | steadily in view | the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal union.‡ It is to that union | we

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\* *Insensibility*, want of feeling, indifference.

† *Patrimony*, an estate derived from a father or other ancestor.

‡ *Federal union*, [here] signifies the union of the United States.

owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union | that we are chiefly indebted | for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached, only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin | in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign\* influences, these great interests | immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth | with newness of life. Every year of its duration | has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility | and its blessings; and | although our territory | has stretched out, wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection, or its benefits. It has been to us all | a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden | in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds | that unite us together | shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself | to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor | in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people | when it shall be broken up and destroyed

### Section 2.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that | I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant, that on my vision never may be opened | what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining | on the broken and dishonored fragments | of a once glorious union; on states dissevered,† discordant, belligerent;‡ on a land rent with civil§ feuds,|| or drenched, it may be, in fraternal¶ blood! Let their

\* *Benign*, kind, generous.

† *Dissevered*, divided.

‡ *Belligerent*, carrying on war.

§ *Civil*, being in our own country.

|| *Feuds*, quarrels, contentions.

¶ *Fraternal*, of brothers.



last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous\* ensign† of the republic, now known and honored | throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming | in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured—bearing | for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as—What is all this worth? Nor those other words of delusion and folly—liberty first, and union afterwards, but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true American heart—LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOR EVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE !†

#### FORTY-SIXTH LESSON.

##### THE IMPORTANCE OF PRESERVING OUR FORM OF GOVERNMENT.—*Webster.*

###### *Section 1*

SIR, in our endeavors to maintain our existing forms of government, we are acting | not for ourselves alone, but for the great cause of constitutional liberty | all over the globe. We are trustees, holding a sacred treasure, in which all the lovers of freedom have a stake. Not only in revolutionized France, where there are no longer subjects, where the monarch can no longer say, he is the state; not only in reformed England, where our principles, our institutions, our practice of free government | are now daily quoted and commended; but in the depths of Germany, and among the desolate fields, and the still smoking ashes of Poland, prayers are uttered | for the preservation of our union | and happiness. We are surrounded, sir, by a cloud of witnesses. The gaze of the sons of liberty, everywhere, is upon us, anxiously, intently, upon us. It may see us fall | in the struggle for our constitution | and government, but heaven forbid | that it should see us recreant.

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\* *Gorgeous*, splendid

† *Ensign*, flag

‡ *Inseparable*, that cannot be separated



*Section 2.*

At least, sir, let the star of Massachusetts be the last | which shall be seen to fall from heaven, and to plunge | into the utter darkness of disunion. Let her shrink back, let her hold others back, if she can ; at any rate | let her keep herself back from this gulf, full, at once, of fire and | of blackness ; yes, sir, as far as human foresight can scan, or human imagination fathom, full of the fire and the blood of civil war, and of the thick darkness | of general political disgrace, ignominy\* and ruin. Though the worst happen | that can happen, and though we be not able to prevent the catastrophe,† yet, let her maintain her own integrity, her own high honor, her own unwavering fidelity, so that | with respect and decency, though with a broken and a bleeding heart, she may pay the last tribute | to a glorious, departed, free constitution.

## FORTY-SEVENTH LESSON.

THE MONUMENT ON BUNKER'S HILL.—*Webster.**Section 1.*

WE know | that the record of illustrious actions | is most safely deposited | in the universal remembrance | of mankind. We know, that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surface | could still contain but part of that, which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges herself | with making known to all future times. We know | that no inscription, on entablatures‡ | less broad than the earth itself, can carry information of the events | we commemorate | where it has not already gone ; and that no structure | which shall not outlive the duration of letters | and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial.§ But our object is, by this edifice, to show our deep sense of the value | and importance of the achievements | of our ances-

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\* *Ignominy*, disgrace, infamy.

† *Catastrophe*, calamity, disaster.

‡ *Entablature*, a part of a column.

§ *Memorial*, something to preserve the remembrance

tors ; and | by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a similar regard, to the principles of the revolution. Human beings are composed not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment ; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied, which is appropriated to the purpose | of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling | in the heart.

### *Section 2.*

Let it not be supposed | that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work | to the spirit of national independence, and we wish | that the light of peace | may rest upon it for ever. We rear a memorial of our conviction | of the unmeasured benefit | which has been conferred on our land, and of the happy influences, which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot, which must be for ever dear | to us, and our posterity. We wish | that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eyes hither, may behold | that the place is not undistinguished | where the first great battle of the revolution | was fought. We wish, that this structure | may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event | to every class and every age. We wish, that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection | from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age | may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections | which it suggests. We wish, that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish, that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism | may turn its eyes hither, and be assured | that the foundations of our national power | still stand strong. We wish, that this column, rising towards heaven | among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish finally, that the last object | on the sight of him | who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him | who revisits it, may be something | which shall remind him | of the liberty

and glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of morning gild it, and parting day | linger and play upon its summit. -

## FORTY-EIGHTH LESSON.

### THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.—*Everett.*

#### *Section 1.*

SOME organization and preparation | had been made; but, from the nature of the case, with scarce any effect | on the events of that day. It may be doubted, whether there was an efficient\* order given | the whole day | to any body of men | as large as a regiment. It was the people, in their first capacity, as citizens and as freemen, starting from their beds at midnight, from their firesides | and their fields, to take their own cause | in their own hands. Such a spectacle is the height of the moral sublime; when the want of everything | is fully made up | by the spirit of the cause; and the soul within | stands in place of discipline, organization, resources. In the prodigious efforts of a veteran army, beneath the dazzling splendor of their array, there is something revolting | to the reflecting mind. The ranks are filled with the desperate, the mercenary, the depraved; and iron slavery, by the name of subordination | merges the free will | of one hundred thousand men | in the unqualified despotism of one; the humanity, mercy, and remorse | which scarce ever desert the individual bosom, are sounds without a meaning | to that fearful, ravenous, irrational monster of prey, a mercenary† army.

#### *Section 2.*

It is hard to say | who are most to be commiserated,‡ the wretched people | on whom it is let loose, or the still more wretched people whose substance has been sucked out to nourish it | into strength and fury. But | in the efforts of the people, of the people struggling for their rights, moving, not in organized, disciplined masses, but in their spontaneous§ action, man for man, and heart for heart,—though I like not war

\* *Efficient*, producing effect.

† *Mercenary*, hired

‡ *Commiserated*, pitied.

§ *Spontaneous*, voluntary, free.

| nor any of its works,—there is something glorious. They can then move forward without orders, act together without combination, and brave the flaming lines of battle, without intrenchments\* to cover, or walls to shield them. No dissolute camp | has worn off | from the feelings of the youthful soldier | the freshness of that home, where his mother and his sisters sit waiting, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, to hear good news from the wars; no long service in the ranks of the conqueror | has turned the veteran's heart into marble; their valor springs | not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life, knit by no pledges to the life of others; but in the strength | and spirit of the cause alone, they act, they contend, they bleed. In this they conquer. The people | always conquer. They always must conquer.

*Section 3.*

Armies | may be defeated; kings | may be overthrown, and new dynasties† | imposed by foreign arms | on an ignorant and slavish race, that care not | in what language | the covenant of their subjection runs, nor in whose name | the deed of their barter | and sale is made out. But the people | never invade; and when they rise | against the invader, are never subdued. If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks and everlasting hills | are their castles; the tangled, pathless thicket | their palisado;‡ and nature,—God,—is their ally. Now | he overwhelms the host of their enemies | beneath his drifting mountains of sand; now | he buries them beneath an atmosphere of falling snows; he lets loose his tempests | on their fleets; he puts a folly into their councils, a madness into the hearts of their leaders; and he never gave, and never will give, a full and final triumph over a virtuous, gallant people, resolved to be free.

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\* *Intrenchments*, fortifications made with trenches or ditches.

† *Dynasties*, governments.

‡ *Palisado*, fortification



## FORTY-NINTH LESSON.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.—*Haynes.**Section 1.*

It has been usual, on occasions like the present, to give a history of the wrongs endured by our fathers. But, my friends, we have prouder, and more ennobling recollections, connected with our revolution. They are to be found in the spirit displayed by our fathers, when all their petitions had been slighted, their remonstrances despised, and their appeals to the generous sympathies of their brethren | utterly disregarded. Yes, my friends, theirs was that pure and lofty spirit of devoted patriotism, which never quailed beneath oppression, which braved all dangers, trampled upon difficulties, and in “the times which tried men’s souls,” taught them to be faithful to their principles, and to their country—true; and which induced them | in the very spirit of that Brutus (whose mantle has fallen, in our own day, upon the shoulders of one so worthy to wear it) to swear on the altar of liberty—to give themselves up wholly | to their country. There is one characteristic, however, of the American revolution, which, constituting, as it does, its living principle, its proud distinction, and its crowning glory—cannot be passed over in silence. It is this—that our revolution had its origin, not so much in the weight of actual oppression, as in the great principle—the sacred duty, of resistance to the exercise of unauthorized power

*Section 2.*

Other nations have been driven to rebellion | by the iron hand of despotism, the insupportable weight of oppression, which leaving men nothing worth living for, has taken away the fear of death itself, and caused them to rush | upon the spears of their enemies, or to break their chains upon the heads of their oppressors. But it was a tax of three-pence a pound upon tea, imposed without right, which was considered by our ancestors as a burden too grievous to be borne. And why? Because they were men “who felt oppression’s lightest finger as a mountain weight,” and, in the fine language of that just



and beautiful tribute paid to their character by one, "whose praises will wear well"—they "judged of the grievance, by the badness of the principle, they augured\* misgovernment at a distance, and snuffed the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze"—because they were men, who, in the darkest hour, could say to their oppressors, "we have counted the cost, and find nothing so deplorable as voluntary slavery," and who were ready to exclaim with the orator of Virginia, "give me liberty or give me death." Theirs was the same spirit which inspired the immortal Hampden to resist, at the peril of his life, the imposition of ship-money, not because, as remarked by Burke, "the payment of twenty shillings would have ruined his fortune, but because the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle on which it was demanded, would have made him a slave." It was the spirit of liberty which still abides on the earth, and whose home is in the bosoms of the brave—which but yesterday, in "beautiful France," restored their violated charter—which even now burns brightly on the towers of Belgium, and has rescued Poland from the tyrant's grasp—making their sons, aye, and their daughters too, the wonder and the admiration of the world, the pride and glory of the human race!

## FIFTIETH LESSON.

### APPEAL IN BEHALF OF GREECE.—*Lacey.*

#### *Section 1.*

THE calamities of unhappy Greece | are not only great, but without a parallel. Collect, my brethren, for a moment, the powers of your fancy, and fix them on that afflicted country. What a sad and revolting spectacle | stands before you! The warrior repairs to the field of battle, not like his adversary, in "the pride and pomp and circumstance of glorious war"—but in the deep miseries | of poverty and consuming care: the matron | and her lovely daughter | are torn from the sanctuary\* of their home, driven into hopeless captivity, or forced into lonely deserts | to subsist on acorns, and seek a shelter from the storm,

\* *Augured*, foretold, foresaw

† *Sanctuary*, a sacred place.

in the caverns of the earth: the lisping infant, clinging with convulsive grasp | to its flying mother, is overtaken by the savage Turk, and slaughtered | without remorse; a country once verdant with vines, and olives, and generous crops, is blasted by the breath of war, and left “without agriculture, without commerce, and without arts:” the traces of a desolating foe | are marked, not only on the site of lamented Scio, on the ramparts of Ipsara, Missolonghi, and the Acropolis; but in every city, and village, and hamlet, and portion | of this devoted country.

### *Section 2.*

The winds | which sweep along the fields, once blooming with groves, sacred to the Muses, and over the ruins of temples erected for the arts and sciences, bear | on their wings | the sighs of expiring widows, and moans of vanquished heroes, and the beseechings of starving infants! And do you not, in the view of such a picture, yield to pity? Oh, can there be a heart so hard, as to remain unmoved | by scenes so sad as these? No, exclaims the philanthropist: all—all I have, is at the service of this afflicted country!

And will not the scholar | respond in the same notes? I am sure he will. There is not a living soul, who ever revelled on the creations of inspired fancy, or hung enchanted | upon the strains of oratory, or followed | with swelling and delicious admiration | the flowing periods of eloquence, or beheld the magic transformation of the chisel, or the enrapturing beauties of the pencil, who does not feel himself indebted | to unhappy Greece. Oh Greece! Venerated and beloved Greece! Often have we, kneeling at thy shrine, rendered the homage of admiration | to thy transcendant genius! It was thy maternal bosom | that nourished him, whose immortal song | has been the wonder of the world;—him, whose voice shook the throne of Macedon, controlled the passions of fierce democracy, and perpetuated | to the present moment | the power and soul of eloquence;—him | who bodied forth forms of beauty | from the rugged rock, and gave them, as it were, sentiment and feeling;—him | whose moral science the virtuous still revere:—“For her seat is the bosom of God, and her voice the harmony of the world”

## Section 3.

Say, then, ye men of letters—shall Greece be given up?—Shall the Turk still pollute the soil sanctified by the brightest genius? desecrate the groves, the temples, and the porticoes, from which have issued living streams that have often laved and refreshed your souls? extinguish the ethereal\* fire which quickened the mighty minds of Burke, and Chatham, and Adams, and Henry? Oh, ye who boast of refined and elevated minds, prove, I beseech you, the reality of your pretensions by contributing to the redemption of a country, from whose brilliant genius you have derived your brightest ornaments.

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Oh, ye friends of liberty! ye | who have been nursed in the lap of freedom, and cradled in the storms of emancipation,† will you not contribute | to the release of such a people? Will you look on, without concern, and see the sons of Sparta, of Athens, of Thermopylæ, crushed beneath the sceptre of the Porte? Will you make no effort | for their redemption? Shall they still bend their neck | to the cruel yoke | for the want of your assistance? Oh, if this be the fact, the time will come, when you will repent of your present apathy. When the sighs of expiring hope, the clank of chains binding the Greeks | to the car of tyranny, shall be wafted | over the wide wastes of the Atlantic, and sink into your reluctant ears, you will lament, (but, alas! too late) the inglorious supineness‡ | which had led to this result. If the cause of Greece be lost, the cause of liberty | will suffer. In permitting this event, you will descend | from your high position, and commence a preparation | for servitude and chains. When the Greek republic | shall have ceased its struggles, and sunk into the iron grasp of Moslem tyranny, the current of civil liberty | will not improbably change its course, and the chill of death, striking to the heart of freedom, commence the dissolution | of our own government.

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\* *Ethereal*, airy, heavenly.

‡ *Supineness*, indolence

† *Emancipation*, act of setting free

## FIFTY-FIRST LESSON.

ANCIENT ORATORY.—*Fordyce.*

It will not, I think, be pretended, that any of our public speakers | have often occasion to address more sagacious, learned, or polite assemblies, than those | which were composed of the Roman senate, or the Athenian people, in their most enlightened times. But it is well known | what great stress the most celebrated orators of those times | laid on action; how exceedingly imperfect they reckoned eloquence | without it, and what wonders they performed | with its assistance; performed upon the greatest, firmest, most sensible, and most elegant spirits | the world ever saw. I transport myself in imagination | to old Athens. I mingle with the popular assembly, I behold the lightning, I listen to the thunder of Demosthenes. I feel my blood thrilled, I see the auditory lost and shaken, like some deep forest | by a mighty storm. I am filled with wonder at such marvellous effects. I am hurried almost out of myself. In a little while, I endeavor to be more collected. Then I consider the orator's address. I find the whole inexpressible. But nothing strikes me more | than his action. I perceive the various passions | he would inspire, rising in him by turns, and working from the depth of his frame. Now he glows | with the love of the public; now he flames with indignation | at its enemies; then he swells with disdain, of its false, indolent, or interested friends, anon he melts with grief | for its misfortunes; and now he turns pale | with fear of yet greater ones. Every feature, nerve, and circumstance about him is intensely animated; each almost seems | as if it would speak. I discern his inmost soul, I see it as only clad in some thin, transparent vehicle. It is all on fire. I wonder no longer | at the effects of such eloquence. I only wonder at their causes



## FIFTY-SECOND LESSON.

SPEECH DENYING THE RIGHT OF PARLIAMENT TO ENACT  
A LAW TO UNITE IRELAND AND ENGLAND.—*Plunket.*

*Section 1.*

I, IN the most express terms, deny the competency of parliament to do this act. I warn you, do not dare to lay your hand on the constitution—I tell you that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass this act, it will be a nullity, and that no man in Ireland | will be bound to obey it. I make the assertion deliberately—I repeat it, and I call on any man who hears me, to take down my words;—you have not been elected | for this purpose—you are appointed to make laws | and not legislatures—you are appointed to act | under the constitution, not to alter it—you are appointed to exercise the functions of legislators, and not to transfer them—and if you do so, your act is a dissolution of the government—you resolve society into its original elements, and no man in the land | is bound to obey you.

Yourselves you may extinguish, but parliament | you cannot extinguish—it is enthroned | in the hearts of the people—it is enshrined | in the sanctuary of the constitution—it is immortal | as the island | which it protects; as well might the frantic suicide hope | that the act | which destroys his miserable body | should extinguish his eternal soul. Again, I therefore warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the constitution; it is above your power.

*Section 2.*

Sir, I do not say that the parliament | and the people, by mutual consent and co-operation, may not change the form of the constitution.

But thank God, the people have manifested no such wish; so far as they have spoken, their voice is decidedly | against this daring innovation. You know | that no voice has been uttered in its favor, and you cannot be infatuated enough | to take confidence from the silence | which prevails in some parts of the kingdom; if you know how to appreciate\* that silence |

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\* *Appreciate*, value



it is more formidable | than the most clamorous opposition—  
you may be rived and shivered by the lightning | before you  
hear the peal of the thunder! But, sir, we are told | we should  
discuss this question | with calmness and composure. I am  
called on to surrender my birthright and my honor, and I am  
told I should be calm, composed.

### *Section 3.*

National pride! Independence of our country! These, we  
are told by the minister, are only vulgar topics fitted for the  
meridian of the mob, but unworthy to be mentioned | in such  
an enlightened assembly as this; they are trinkets | and gew-  
gaws fit to catch the fancy of childish and unthinking people |  
like you, sir, or like your predecessor in that chair, but utterly  
unworthy of the consideration of this house, or of the matured  
understanding of the noble lord | who condescends to instruct  
it! \* \* We see a Perry re-ascending | from the tomb and  
raising his awful voice | to warn us | against the surrender of  
our freedom, and we see | that the proud and virtuous feelings  
| which warmed the breast of that aged and venerable man,  
are only calculated to excite the contempt | of this young  
philosopher, who has been transplanted | from the nursery to  
the cabinet, to outrage the feelings | and understanding of the  
country.

## FIFTY-THIRD LESSON.

OBSTACLES TO THE EXTINCTION OF WAR.—*Chalmers.*

### *Section 1.*

THE first great obstacle | to the extinction of war, is, the way  
in which the heart of man | is carried off from its barbarities |  
and its horrors, by the splendor of its deceitful accompani-  
ments. There is a feeling of the sublime | in contemplating  
the shock of armies, just as there is | in contemplating the  
devouring energy of a tempest; and this so elevates and en-  
grosses the whole man, that his eye is blind | to the tears of  
bereaved parents, and his ear is deaf to the piteous moan of  
the dying, and the shriek of their desolated families

*Section 2*

There is a gracefulness | in the picture of a youthful warrior  
| burning for distinction on the field, and lured by this gene-  
rous aspiration | to the deepest of the animated throng, where,  
in the fell work of death, the opposing sons of valor | struggle  
for a remembrance and a name ; and this side of the picture |  
is so much the exclusive object of our regard, as to disguise |  
from our view | the mangled carcasses of the fallen, and the  
writhing agonies of the hundreds and the hundreds more |  
who have been laid on the cold ground, and left to languish |  
and to die.

There no eye pities them. No sister is there | to weep over  
them. There no gentle hand | is present to ease the dying  
posture, or bind up the wounds, which, in the maddening fury  
of the combat, had been given and received | by the children  
of one common father. There death spreads its pale ensigns  
| over every countenance, and when night comes on, and  
darkness gathers around them, how many a despairing wretch  
| must take up with the bloody field | as the untented bed of  
his last sufferings, without one friend to bear the message of  
tenderness | to his distant home, without one companion to  
close his eyes !

*Section 3.*

On every side of me | I see causes at work, which go to  
spread a most delusive coloring over war, to remove its shock-  
ing barbarities | to the background of our contemplations alto-  
gether. I see it in the history | which tells me of the superb  
appearance of the troops, and the brilliancy of their successive  
charges. I see it in the poetry | which lends the magic of its  
numbers | to the narrative\* of blood, and transports its many  
admirers, as, by its images, and its figures, and its nodding  
plumes of chivalry, it throws its treacherous† embellishments‡  
over a scene of legalized slaughter.

I see it in the music | which represents the progress of the  
battle ; and where, after being inspired by the trumpet-notes of  
preparation, the whole beauty and tenderness of a drawing-

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\* *Narrative*, recital, story.† *Treacherous*, faithless, false.‡ *Embellishments*, ornaments.

room | are seen to bend | over the sentimental entertainment,  
nor do I hear the utterance of a single sigh | to interrupt the  
death-tones of the thickening contest, and the moans of the  
wounded men | as they fade away upon the ear, and sink into  
lifeless silence.

*Section 4.*

All, all goes to prove | what strange and half-sighted crea-  
tures we are. Were it not so, war could never have been  
seen | in any other aspect | than that of unmingled hatefulness;  
and I can look to nothing | but to the progress of Christian  
sentiment upon earth, to arrest the strong current | of its popu-  
lar and prevailing partiality for war. Then only will an impe-  
rious\* sense of duty | lay the check of severe principle on all  
the subordinate tastes | and faculties of our nature. Then will  
glory be reduced to its right estimate, and the wakeful benevo-  
lence of the gospel, chasing away every spell, will be devoted  
to simple but sublime enterprises | for the good of the species

FIFTY-FOURTH LESSON.

THE BATTLE AT MARATHON.—*Webster.*

WHEN the traveller pauses on the plains of Marathon, what  
are the emotions | which strongly agitate his breast; what is  
that glorious recollection | that thrills through his frame, and  
suffuses his eyes? Not, I imagine, that Grecian skill and  
Grecian valor | were here most signally displayed; but that  
Greece herself | was saved. It is because | to this spot, and to  
the event | which has rendered it immortal, he refers all the  
succeeding glories of the republic. It is because, if that day  
had gone otherwise, Greece had perished. It is because he  
perceives | that her philosophers and orators, her poets and  
painters, her sculptors† and architects,‡ her government and  
free institutions, point backward to Marathon, and that their  
future existence | seems to have been suspended | on the con-

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\* *Imperious*, commanding.

† *Sculptors*, those who carve wood or stone into images.

‡ *Architects*, chief builders

tingency, whether the Persian or Grecian banner should wave victorious | in the beams of that day's setting sun. And as his imagination kindles | at the retrospect, he is transported back | to the interesting moment: he counts the fearful odds of the contending hosts; his interest for the result | overwhelms him; he trembles | as if it was still uncertain, and seems to doubt | whether he may consider Socrates and Plato,\* Demosthenes,† Sophocles,‡ and Phidias,§ as secure, yet, to himself | and to the world.

## FIFTY-FIFTH LESSON.

### REPLY TO WALPOLE.—*Lord Chatham.*

#### *Section 1.*

SIR,—The atrocious|| crime | of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate¶ nor deny; but content myself with wishing, that I may be one of those | whose follies may cease | with their youth, and not of that number | who are ignorant | in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man | as a reproach, I will not, Sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age | may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities | which it brings | have passed away without improvement, and vice appear to prevail, when the passions have subsided \*\*

#### *Section 2*

The wretch, who, after seeing the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object | either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not | that his grey hairs | should secure him from insult. Much more, Sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded†† from virtue, and become more wicked | with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money | which he cannot enjoy, and

\* *Socrates and Plato*, Grecian philosophers.

† *Demosthenes*, a great orator.

‡ *Sophocles*, a distinguished poet

§ *Phidias*, a sculptor

|| *Atrocious*, heinous, very wicked.

¶ *Palliate*, cover, excuse.

\*\* *Subsided*, ceased.

†† *Receded*, gone back from



spends the remains of his life | in the ruin of his country. But youth, Sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused | of acting a theatrical\* part. A theatrical part | may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation† of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions | and language of another man.

In the first sense, Sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted; and deserves only to be mentioned, that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured‡ by age, or modelled by experience. But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply, that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator,§ and a villain;—nor shall any protection shelter him from | the treatment he deserves

### Section 3.

I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms | with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves,—nor shall anything but age | restrain my resentment; age; which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious,|| without punishment. But with regard, Sir, to those | whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure: the heat | that offended them, is the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned | while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him | in his villainy, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

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\* *Theatrical*, suiting a theatre.

† *Dissimulation*, a concealing of real views or opinions

‡ *Matured*, ripened, perfected.

§ *Calumniator*, slanderer.

|| *Supercilious*, haughty



## FIFTY-SIXTH LESSON.

CATILINE'S SPEECH ON BEING SENTENCED TO BANISHMENT.—*Croly.*

BANISHED from Rome! what's banished but set free  
From daily contact of the things I loathe?  
"Tried and convicted traitor!"—Who says this?  
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?  
Banished?—I thank you for 't. It breaks my chain!  
I held some slack allegiance till this hour—  
But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords;  
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,  
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,  
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,  
To leave you in your lazy dignities.  
But here I stand and scoff you:—here I fling  
Hatred and full defiance in your face.  
Your consul's merciful. For this all thanks.  
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline.  
"Traitor!" I go—but I return. This trial!  
Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs,  
To stir a fever in the blood of age,  
Or make the infant's sinew strong as steel.  
This day's the birth of sorrows!—This hour's work  
Will breed proscriptions.—Look to your hearths, my lords,  
For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,  
Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes;  
Wan treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;  
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;  
Naked rebellion, with the torch and axe,  
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones,  
Till anarchy comes down on you like night,  
And massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

## FIFTY-SEVENTH LESSON

THE RIGHT TO TAX AMERICA.—*Burke.**Section 1.*

“BUT, Mr. Speaker, we have a right to tax America.” Oh, inestimable right! Oh, wonderful transcendent right! the assertion of which | has cost this country thirteen provinces, six islands, one hundred thousand lives, and seventy millions of money. Oh, invaluable right! for the sake of which | we have sacrificed our rank among nations, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home! Oh, right! more dear to us | than our existence, which has already cost us so much, and which seems likely to cost us our all. Infatuated man! miserable and undone country! not to know | that the claim of right, without the power of enforcing it, is nugatory and idle. We have a right to tax America, the noble lord tells us, therefore we ought to tax America. This is the profound logic | which comprises the whole chain of his reasoning.

*Section 2.*

Not inferior to this | was the wisdom of him | who resolved to shear the wolf. What, shear a wolf! Have you considered the resistance, the difficulty, the danger of the attempt? No, says the madman, I have considered nothing but the right.—Man has a right of dominion | over the beasts of the forest: and therefore I will shear the wolf. How wonderful—that a nation could be thus deluded! But the noble lord deals in cheats and delusions. They are the daily traffic of his invention; and he will continue to play off his cheats on this house, so long as he thinks them necessary to his purpose, and so long as he has money enough | at command to bribe gentlemen | to pretend that they believe him. But a black and bitter day of reckoning | will surely come; and whenever that day comes, I trust I shall be able, by a parliamentary impeachment,\* to bring upon the heads of the authors of our calamities, the punishment they deserve.

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\* *Impeachment*, accusation by lawful authority

## FIFTY-EIGHTH LESSON.

BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.—*Shakspeare.*

ROMANS, Countrymen, and Lovers!—hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.—If there be any | in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand | why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen?—As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him! There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition!—Who's here so base, that would be a bondman? if any, speak! for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? if any, speak! for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? if any, speak! for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply.—

None? then none have I offended! I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death | is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

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With this I depart—that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country | to need my death.

## FIFTY-NINTH LESSON.

RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.—*Miss Mitford.**Section 1.*

FRIENDS,

I come not here to talk. Ye know too well  
 The story of our thralldom\* :—we are slaves !  
 The bright sun rises to his course, and lights  
 A race of slaves ! He sets, and his last beam |  
 Falls on a slave ;—not such as, swept along |  
 By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads |  
 To crimson glory and undying fame ;  
 But base, ignoble† slaves—slaves to a horde  
 Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,  
 Rich in some dozen paltry villages,  
 Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great |  
 In that strange spell, a name. Each hour, dark fraud,  
 Or open rapine, or protected murder,  
 Cries out against them. But this very day,  
 An honest man, my neighbor—there he stands—  
 Was struck—struck like a dog, by one | who wore  
 The badge of Ursini ; because, forsooth,  
 He tossed not high his ready cap in air,  
 Nor lifted up his voice | in servile shouts,  
 At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,  
 And suffer such dishonor ? men, and wash not  
 The stain away in blood ? Such shames are common.

*Section 2*

I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to you,  
 I had a brother once, a gracious boy,  
 Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,  
 Of sweet and quiet joy ; there was the look  
 Of heaven upon his face, which limners give |  
 To the beloved disciple. How I loved  
 That gracious boy ! Younger by fifteen years,  
 Brother at once and son ! He left my side,

\* *Thralldom*, slavery† *Ignoble*, mean.

A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile  
 Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,  
 The pretty harmless boy was slain! I saw  
 The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried  
 For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans: rouse, ye slaves!  
 Have ye brave sons? Look, in the next fierce brawl,  
 To see them die. Have ye daughters fair? Look  
 To see them live, torn from your arms; \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* And, if ye dare call for justice,  
 Be answered by the lash. Yet this is Rome,  
 That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne  
 Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!  
 Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman |  
 Was greater than a king! And once, again,—  
 Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread  
 Of either Brutus!—once again, I swear,  
 The eternal city | shall be free! her sons |  
 Shall walk with princes!

## SIXTIETH LESSON.

HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS.—*Shakspeare.*

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;  
 Or close the wall up with the English dead!  
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,  
 As modest stillness and humility:  
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage;  
 Then, lend the eye a terrible aspect;  
 Let it pry through the portage of the head  
 Like the brass cannon!  
 Now, set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;  
 Hold hard the breath; and bend up every spirit  
 To its full height. Now, on, you noblest English!  
 Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war-proof.  
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,



Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,  
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument !  
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
 Straining upon the start.—The game 's afoot !—  
 Follow your spirit ; and, upon this charge,  
 Cry, God for Harry, England, and St. George !

## SIXTY-FIRST LESSON.

### REPLY TO CORRY.—*Grattan.*

#### *Section 1.*

HAS the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamentary\* from the beginning | to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word he uttered | that was not a violation of the privileges of the House. But I did not call him to order—Why? because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe | without being unparliamentary. But before I sit down, I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary† at the same time.

On any other occasion, I should think myself justifiable | in treating with silent contempt anything | which might fall from that honorable member; but there are times, when the insignificance of the accuser | is lost in the magnitude of the accusation. I know the difficulty | the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do | before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it, when not made by an honest man.

#### *Section 2.*

The right honorable gentleman | has called me “an unimpeached traitor.” I ask, why not “traitor,” unqualified by an

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\* *Unparliamentary*, contrary to the usage of Parliament; contrary to rules of debate.

† *Parliamentary*, according to the usage of Parliament; according to rules of debate.

epithet? I will tell him, it was because he durst not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy counsellor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be Chancellor\* of the Exchequer.† But I say, he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament, and freedom of debate, by uttering language, which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a blow. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy counsellor or a parasite,‡ my answer would be a blow.

He has charged me | with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false. Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the House of Lords | for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee, there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power | by a false glare of courage or not.

### Section 3.

I have returned, not as the right honorable member has said, to raise another storm—I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that constitution, of which I was the parent and the founder, from the assassination of such men—as the right honorable gentleman, and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt—they are seditious—and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public | under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand ready for impeachment or trial. I dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentleman; I defy the government; I defy their whole phalanx: let them come forth. I tell the ministers, I will neither give them quarter nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution | on the floor of this House, in defence of the liberties of my country.

\* Chancellor, a judge.

† Exchequer, a court so called.

‡ Parasite, a flatterer of the rich.

## SIXTY-SECOND LESSON.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE UNITED STATES UPON OTHER NATIONS.—*Webster.**Section 1.*

GENTLEMEN, the spirit of human liberty | and free government | nurtured and grown into strength and beauty | in America, has stretched its course | into the midst of the nations. Like an emanation\* from heaven, it has gone forth, and it will not return void. It must change, it is fast changing, the face of the earth. Our great, our high duty, is to show | in our examples, that this spirit | is a spirit of health | as well as a spirit of power; that its benignity is as great | as its strength; that its efficiency | to secure individual rights, social relations, and moral order, is equal to the irresistible force | with which it prostrates principalities† and powers. The world, at this moment, is regarding us | with a willing, but something of a fearful admiration. Its deep and awful anxiety | is to learn, whether free states may be stable | as well as free; whether popular power | may be trusted | as well as feared; in short, whether wise, regular, and virtuous self-government | is a vision for the contemplation of theorists, or a truth established, illustrated, and brought into practice | in the country of Washington.

*Section 2.*

Gentlemen, for the earth | which we inherit, and the whole circle of the sun, for all the unborn races of mankind, we seem to hold | in our hands, for their weal or wo, the fate of this experiment. If we fail, who shall venture the repetition? If our example | shall prove to be one, not of encouragement, but of terror—not fit to be imitated, but fit only to be shunned—where else shall the world look | for free models? If this great Western Sun | be struck out of the firmament, at what other fountain | shall the lamp of liberty | hereafter be lighted? What other orb | shall emit a ray to glimmer, even on the darkness of the world?

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\* *Emanation*, that which issues or proceeds.

† *Principalities*, dominions of a prince.

## SIXTY-THIRD LESSON.

## A REVOLUTIONARY SONG.

*One Speaker.* ARM, arm for the battle—Invasion has come,  
His shadow has darkened our soil—

*Whole Class.* We're ready—all ready! our swords shall strike  
home,

Ere the robber has gathered his spoil.

*One Speaker.* ARM, arm for the battle—'tis liberty calls,  
The tyrants are leagued as her foe—

*Whole Class.* We're ready—all ready! our hearts are her  
walls,

Which tyrants will never o'erthrow.

*One Speaker.* ARM, arm for the battle—our children and  
wives

Are sinking with terrors oppressed—

*Whole Class.* We're ready—all ready! and pledged are our  
lives,

That these dear ones in safety shall rest.

*One Speaker.* ARM, arm for the battle!—and cowards may fly;  
The foe, like a torrent sweeps on—

*Whole Class.* We're ready—all ready! we'll shout ere we die,  
Hurrah! for the battle is won.

## SIXTY-FOURTH LESSON.

LIBERTY.—*Percival.*

BENEATH our country's flag we stand,  
And give our hearts to thee,  
Bright power, who steel'st and nerv'st our hand,  
Thou first born, Liberty!  
Here, on our swords we pledge to give  
Our willing lives, that thou may'st live!

For thee, the Spartan youth of old,  
To death devoted, fell!  
Thy spirit made the Roman bold,  
And fired the patriot Tell!  
Our sires, on Bunker, fought for thee—  
Undaunted fought, and we are free!

Run up your starry flag on high!  
No storm shall rend its folds;  
On, like a meteor, through the sky,  
Its steady course it holds.  
Thus high in heaven our flag unfurled—  
Go, bear it, Freedom, round the world!

## SIXTY-FIFTH LESSON.

ON TO THE STRIFE!—*Anonymous.*

ON, on to the just and glorious strife!  
With your swords your freedom shielding—  
Nay, resign, if it must be so, even life;  
But die, at least, unyielding.

On to the strife! for t'were far more meet  
To sink with the foes who bay you,  
Than crouch, like dogs, at your tyrant's feet,  
And smile on the swords that slay you.

Strike! for the sires who left you free!  
Strike! for their sakes who bore you!  
Strike! for your homes and liberty,  
And the heaven you worship o'er you!



## SIXTY-SIXTH LESSON.

THE BATTLE FIELD.—*Patten.*

\* \* \* \* \*

FORWARD!—'mid the battle's hum  
Roughly rolls the daring drum.  
Victory, with hurried breath,  
Calls ye, from her mouths of death :  
War, with hand of crimson stain,  
Waves ye to the front again.  
Onward ! ere the field is won—  
Onward ! ere the fight is done !

Forward ! raise the banner high !  
Toss its spangles to the sky,  
Let its eagle, reeking red,  
Float above the foeman's head ;  
Let its stripes of red and white  
Blind again his dazzled sight.  
Onward ! ere the field is won—  
Onward ! ere the fight is done !

Forward ! to the front again !  
Urge the steed and loose the rein ;  
Spur amid the rattling peal !  
Charge amid the storm of steel !  
O'er the stream, and from the glen,  
Cowards watch the strife of men.  
Onward ! ere the field is won—  
Onward ! ere the fight is done !

## SIXTY-SEVENTH LESSON.

THE PILGRIMS.—*Everett**Section 1.*

LET us now advert to that period | when our Pilgrim Fathers | left their country and their homes | for this then unknown shore. Methinks I see that one solitary, adventurous vessel, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound | across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns | rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them | on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore.

I see them now—scantily supplied with provisions, crowded | almost to suffocation | in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route ;—and now driven in fury | before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm | howls through the rigging. The laboring masts | seem straining from their base ;—the dismal sound of the pumps | is heard ;—the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow ;—the ocean breaks, and settles | with engulfing floods | over the floating deck, and beats with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel.

I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landing at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage,—poorly armed, scantily provisioned \* \* \*—without shelter,—without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science,

in how many months | were they all swept off | by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits | of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties | had not smiled, languish on the distant coast?

*Section 2.*

Student of history, compare for me | the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals?—was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea? was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company | to their melancholy fate?

And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy | not so much of admiration | as of pity, there has gone forth a progress | so steady, a growth | so wonderful, an expansion | so ample, a reality | so important, a promise | yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

SIXTY-EIGHTH LESSON.

THE SEVERANCE OF SOUTH CAROLINA FROM THE UNION.—*Grimke.*

*Section 1.*

I ASK no pardon, I make no apology | for the boldness and frankness | with which I speak. I am still | a freeman: and the convention | may be assured, that so long as the liberty

of speech | and the liberty of the press remain, there are thousands | who will speak and write | as fearlessly | as I do. And have they yet to learn, that the confiscation of property, the imprisonment of the body, nay, the loss of life itself, have no terrors | for the brave and the free? Have they yet to learn | that the dungeon and the scaffold | are the pageantry of tyrants, in the eyes of the martyr to civil or religious liberty? Have they yet to learn, that they may torture the body, but cannot subdue the soul? that they may immolate the freeman, a victim to their power, but cannot make him the slave of their will? Have they, indeed, yet to learn, after all the solemn lessons | that Liberty | has taught, amid the fires of persecution | and the blood of her martyred children—that the freeman, like the Christian, counts property, liberty, and life, as dust and ashes, in comparison with his principles and independence?

### *Section 2.*

I have studied in vain | the history of free communities, and especially of this country; and I have loved and venerated in vain | the noble qualities of American and of Carolinian character, if there be not thousands | in this State, who are ready | in the same cause, to yield up property | to your acts of confiscation, liberty | to the loathsomeness of your dungeons, and life itself | to the tragedy of your scaffolds. The punishments | you may inflict, may be ignominious in your eyes; but posterity will honor them | as the sufferings of the virtuous free. You may consign your victim | to the death of the malefactor; but your own children | shall acknowledge his title | even to their gratitude and admiration. You may follow him | with scorn and execrations to the gallows:—May he be strengthened from above | to make the last act of his life, a prayer for his destroyers! You

may brand the grave of your victim, as the grave of the traitor; but the very next age | will hallow it as the bed of glory.

## SIXTY-NINTH LESSON.

THE CHARGE.—*Percival*.

THE horn and the trumpet are ringing afar,  
As the summons to battle are sounding;  
And the steed, as he catches the signal of war,  
In the pride of his spirit is bounding.  
Shrill it echoes afar, over hill and o'er plain,  
And the wide distant mountains repeat it again;  
And the shout of the warrior, and nearer the song,  
Peal aloud, as the glittering bands are hurrying along:  
As on, on, on, on pours the tide of fight,  
Still aloft floats the tossing flag, in the glance of morning's  
light.

We leap to our saddles, we range us in line,  
As the voice of the trumpet is calling;  
On the crown of yon ridge, bright their drawn sabres shine;  
Down its slope, like a flood, they are falling.  
"Give the spur to the charge, ere the foeman is nigh:  
Rush amain, as the forest rings loud with your cry:  
Speed on to the shock, in his midway career—  
For our sires still were first in fight; they never thought of  
fear!"

So on, on, on, on, o'er the sounding plain,  
To the wild conflict fierce they rush, and together dash



## SEVENTIETH LESSON.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A FIRM NATIONAL CHARACTER.—*Maxcy.**Section 1.*

THE loss of a firm national character, or the degradation of a nation's honor, is the inevitable prelude | to her destruction. Behold the once proud fabric | of a Roman empire—an empire | carrying its arts and arms | into every part | of the eastern continent; the monarchs of mighty kingdoms | dragged at the wheels | of her triumphal chariots; her eagle | waving over the ruins of desolated countries. Where is her splendor, her wealth, her power, her glory? Extinguished forever. Where are her statesmen, her sages, her philosophers, her orators, her generals? Go to their solitary tombs and inquire. She lost her national character and her destruction | followed. The ramparts of her national pride | were broken down, and Vandalism, desolated her classic fields.

Citizens | will lose their respect and confidence | in our government, if it does not extend over them | the shield of an honorable national character. Corruption | will creep in | and sharpen party animosity. Ambitious leaders | will seize upon the favorable moment. The mad enthusiasm for revolution | will call into action | the irritated spirit of our nation, and civil war must follow. The swords of our countrymen | may yet glitter | on our mountains, their blood may yet | crimson our plains.

Such—the warning voice of all antiquity, the example of all republics proclaim—may be our fate. But | let us no longer | indulge these gloomy anticipations.

*Section 2.*

The commencement of our liberty | presages the dawn |  
of a brighter period | to the world. That bold, enterprising  
spirit | which conducted our heroes | to peace and safety,  
and gave us a lofty rank | amid the empires of the world,  
still animates the bosoms | of their descendants. Look back  
to that moment | when they unbarred the dungeons of the  
slave, and dashed his fetters | to the earth; when the sword  
of a Washington | leaped from its scabbard | to revenge the  
slaughter of our countrymen. Place their example | before  
you. Let the sparks of their veteran wisdom | flash across  
your minds, and the sacred altars of your liberty, crowned  
with immortal honors, rise before you. Relying on the vir-  
tue, the courage, the patriotism, and the strength | of our  
country, we may expect | our national character | will be-  
come more energetic, our citizens more enlightened, and may  
hail the age | as not far distant, when will be heard, as the  
proudest exclamation of man : I am an American.

## SEVENTY-FIRST LESSON.

OLD IRONSIDES.—*Holmes.*

AY, tear her tattered ensign down !  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky ;  
Beneath it rang the battle shout,  
And burst the cannon's roar ;  
The meteor of the ocean air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more  
  
Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,  
Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
And waves were white below,

No more shall feel the victor's tread ;  
No more the conquered knee ;  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
The eagle of the sea.

Oh ! better that her shattered hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave :—  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave !  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms,—  
The lightning, and the gale !

#### SEVENTY-SECOND LESSON.

LEONIDAS.—*Croly.*

SHOUT for the mighty men,  
Who died along this shore—  
Who died within this mountain's glen  
For never nobler chieftain's head  
Was laid on Valor's crimson bed,  
Nor ever prouder gore  
Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day  
Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ !

Shout for the mighty men,  
Who, on the Persian tents,  
Like lions from their midnight den  
Bounding on the slumbering deer,  
Rushed—a storm of sword and spear—  
Like the roused elements,  
Let loose from an immortal hand,  
To chasten or to crush a land !

But there are none to hear ;  
Greece is a hopeless slave.  
LEONIDAS ! no hand is near  
To lift thy fiery falchion now ;  
No warrior makes the warrior's vow  
Upon thy sea-washed grave.  
The voice that should be raised by men,  
Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given !—the surge—  
The tree—the rock—the sand—  
On Freedom's kneeling spirit urge,  
In sounds that speak but to the free,  
The memory of thine and thee !  
The vision of thy band  
Still gleams within the glorious dell,  
Which their gore hallowed, as it fell !

And is thy grandeur done ?  
Mother of men like these !  
Has not thy outcry gone,  
Where justice has an ear to hear ?—  
Be holy ! God shall guide thy spear ;  
Till in thy crimsoned seas  
Are plunged the chain and scimitar,  
GREECE shall be a new-born star !

## SEVENTY-THIRD LESSON.

“TO ARMS !”—*Park Benjamin.*

AWAKE ! arise, ye men of might !  
The glorious hour is nigh—  
Your eagle pauses in his flight,  
And screams his battle-cry.

From north to south, from east to west,  
 Send back an answering cheer,  
 And say farewell to peace and rest,  
 And banish doubt and fear.

Arm! arm! your country bids you arm!  
 Fling out your banners free—  
 Let drum and trumpet sound alarm,  
 O'er mountain, plain, and sea!

\* \* \* \* \*

Go, vindicate your country's fame!  
 Avenge your country's wrong!  
 The sons should own a deathless name,  
 To whom such sires belong.

The kindred of the noble dead  
 As noble deeds should dare:  
 The fields whereon their blood was shed,  
 A deeper stain must bear.

To arms! to arms! ye men of might!  
 Away from home, away!  
 The first and foremost in the fight  
 Are sure to win the day!

#### SEVENTY-FOURTH LESSON.

MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY.—*Montgomery.*

"MAKE way for liberty!"—he cried;  
 Made way for liberty, and died!

It must not be: this day, this hour,  
 Annihilates the oppressor's power!  
 All Switzerland is in the field,  
 She will not fly, she cannot yield—



She must not fall ; her better fate  
Here gives her an immortal date.  
Few were the numbers she could boast ;  
But every freeman was a host,  
And felt as though himself were he,  
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one indeed ;  
Behold him—Arnold Winkelried !  
There sounds not to the trump of fame  
The echo of a nobler name.  
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,  
In rumination deep and long,  
Till you might see, with sudden grace,  
The very thought come o'er his face ;  
And, by the motion of his form,  
Anticipate the bursting storm ;  
And, by the uplifting of his brow,  
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 't was no sooner thought than done !  
The field was in a moment won :—  
“ Make way for liberty !” he cried,  
Then ran, with arms extended wide,  
As if his dearest friends to clasp ;  
Ten spears he swept within his grasp :  
“ Make way for liberty !” he cried,  
Their keen points met from side to side ;  
He bowed amongst them like a tree,  
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly ;  
“ Make way for liberty !” they cry,  
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,  
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart ;  
While, instantaneous as his fall,  
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all :

An earthquake could not overthrow  
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free ;  
Thus death made way for liberty !

#### SEVENTY-FIFTH LESSON.

##### THE EFFICIENCY OF WOMAN.—*J. S. Jones.*

UNDER the guidance of Divine Providence, it has been the lot of woman to occupy an important position, and to exercise an imposing influence, in all reforms of modern times ; but particularly so in the events that have marked the history of our own country. To her perseverance and zeal are we indebted for the means that enabled the energetic and philosophical Columbus to prosecute his first adventurous voyage over unknown seas, in search of a land that was deemed to have no existence, but in the imagination of a few visionary enthusiasts. The first Pilgrims were induced to seek a home upon that shore her munificence had aided to discover ; and her forbearance and devotion cheered that home, softened the bitterness of exile, and awoke new hopes, new ideas, new objects, which eventually resulted in preserving the nucleus of a mighty nation, whose power is hereafter to rule the destinies and shape the institutions of civilized man.

Shall we turn over a few pages more of our national history, and observe the young giant of the West she had assisted to rear in the wilderness, preparing to combat against the Colossus of the Old World, in defence of the rights of man and the liberty of our species. Do we find woman wanting at this time, although she was well aware that the struggle was to her to be one of privation, affliction, and distress, in which the dearest ties would be severed, and the holiest associations of religion and kindred scattered to the wind by the bloody hand of carnage and devastation ? No,

in all things the women of the Revolution were true to their country, to their God, and to themselves. The same fair hand that girded the sabre on the soldier of Freedom, sought upon the blood-stained field for the wounded, and crowned with victorious laurel the brow of the triumphant warrior. Nor did her exertions in her country's cause cease when success crowned our efforts, and peace, with her "downy pinion," spread repose over an exhausted and distressed land.

A mighty wilderness was to be subdued, and the fertile and bounteous West offered her allurements to the hardy and adventurous citizen: again we see woman forsaking the ease and luxury of refinement to be the companion of the pioneer, who, guided by the star of a nation's destiny, onward works his way, advancing Christianity and civilization even to the far-off shores of the Pacific Ocean; yes, even there, amidst the rank foliage of the primitive forests, surrounded by the cunning and treacherous aborigines, is woman to be found, assisting man in his toil, cheering his home, enlivening his fireside, nursing him in sickness, consoling him in affliction, and rejoicing in his success; and now that cities, towns and villages abound, this great West offers to the oppressed of every nation a home, where, free from tyranny and its concomitant evils, they may in peace reap the fruit of their industry, and worship God according to the dictates of conscience. But a new victory is now to be achieved, new trophies are to be gained, the physical obstacles that stood in the path of our national greatness have been subdued, and the progressive spirit of our race has directed their energies towards the subjugation of vice, and that triumph of moral principle that alone can render a people mighty and happy.

## SEVENTY-SIXTH LESSON.

YE SONS OF SIRES.—*Percival.*

YE sons of sires, who fought and bled  
For liberty and glory,  
Whose fame shall ever wider spread  
Till Time is bent and hoary—  
Awake to meet the invading foe!  
Rouse at the call of danger!  
Beat down again his standard low,  
And backward hurl the stranger!

They knew no fear, those sires of old—  
'Mid swords and bayonets clashing,  
Still high they bore their banner's fold,  
Its stars, like lightnings flashing.  
Be like those sires!—With freeborn might  
Renew the deeds of story!  
Who lives, shall win a wreath of light—  
Who falls, shall sleep in glory!

## SEVENTY-SEVENTH LESSON.

FOURTH OF JULY.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

WILD was the battle strife,  
And loud the threat of foes,  
When Liberty to healthful life  
With our young country rose;

But now her banner proud  
Floats high, from zone to zone,  
A constellation on the cloud  
By all the nations known.

And we have come, to greet  
The birth-day of our land,  
With joyous hearts, and thronging feet,  
A young and happy band.

No warrior's shout is poured  
To daunt these festal hours ;  
Instead of flashing spear and sword,  
We bring the tinted flowers.

Like them our love shall root  
In sunbeam and in blast,  
And richly bend with patriot fruit  
While fleeting life shall last.

## SEVENTY-EIGHTH LESSON.

THE SURVIVORS OF THE REVOLUTION.—*E. Everett.*

LET us not forget, on the return of this eventful day, the men, who, when the conflict of counsel was over, stood forward in that of arms. Yet let me not, by faintly endeavoring to sketch, do deep injustice to the story of their exploits. The efforts of a life would scarce suffice to paint out this picture, in all its astonishing incidents, in all its mingled colors of sublimity and wo, of agony and triumph.

But the age of commemoration is at hand. The voice of our fathers' blood begins to cry to us, from beneath the soil which it moistened. Time is bringing forward, in their proper relief, the men and the deeds of that high-souled day. The generation of contemporary worthies is gone ; the crowd of the unsignalized great and good disappears ; and the leaders in war as well as council are seen, in Fancy's eye, to take their stations on the mount of Remembrance.

They come from the embattled cliffs of Abraham ; they start from the heaving sods of Bunker's Hill ; they gather



from the blazing lines of Saratoga and Yorktown, from the blood-dyed waters of the Brandywine, from the dreary snows of Valley Forge, and all the hard-fought fields of the war. With all their wounds and all their honors, they rise and plead with us for their brethren who survive ; and bid us, if indeed we cherish the memory of those who bled in our cause, to show our gratitude, not by sounding words, but by stretching out the strong arm of the country's prosperity, to help the veteran survivors gently down to their graves.

## SEVENTY-NINTH LESSON.

LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.—*Moore.*

FROM life without freedom, oh ! who would not fly ?  
For one day of freedom, oh ! who would not die ?  
Hark ! hark ! 'tis the trumpet, the call of the brave,  
The death-song of tyrants and dirge of the slave.  
Our country lies bleeding—oh ! fly to her aid ;  
One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.  
From life without freedom, oh ! who would not fly ?  
For one day of freedom, oh ! who would not die ?

In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains—  
The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains !  
On, on to the combat ! the heroes that bleed  
For virtue and mankind are heroes indeed.  
And oh ! even if Freedom from this world be driven,  
Despair not—at least we shall find her in heaven.  
In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains,  
The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains.

## EIGHTIETH LESSON.

## ODE FOR INDEPENDENCE.

WHEN Freedom, midst the battle storm,  
Her weary head reclined,  
And round her fair, majestic form,  
Oppression fain had 'twined,  
Amid the din beneath the cloud,  
Great Washington appeared,  
With daring hand rolled back the shroud,  
And thus the sufferer cheered :

“ Spurn, spurn despair ! be great, be free !  
With giant strength arise ;  
Stretch, stretch thy pinions, Liberty,  
Thy flag plant in the skies !  
Clothe, clothe thyself in Glory's robe,  
Let stars thy banners gem ;  
Rule, rule the sea—possess the globe—  
Wear Victory's diadem !

“ Go and proclaim a world is born,  
Another orb gives light ;  
Another sun illumines the morn,  
Another star the night :  
Be just, be brave ! and let thy name  
Henceforth Columbia be ;  
Wear, wear the oaken wreath of fame,  
The wreath of Liberty.”

He said—and lo ! the stars of night  
Forth to her banner flew ;  
And morn, with pencil dipp'd in light,  
Her blushes on it drew ;  
Columbia's eagle seized the prize,  
And, gloriously unfurled,  
Soared with it to his native skies,  
And waved it o'er the world.

## CHAPTER XII.

## SELECTIONS FOR READING.

NOTE.—The sign of the rhetorical pause ( | ) is omitted in the following selections, as a due attention to it in the foregoing, will enable the pupil to make the proper pauses without it.

## EIGHTY-FIRST LESSON.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.—*W. Irving.*

I AM now alone in my chamber. The family have long since retired. I have heard their steps die away, and the doors clap to after them. The murmur of voices and the peal of remote laughter no longer reach the ear. The clock from the church, in which so many of the former inhabitants of this house lie buried, has chimed the awful hour of midnight.

I have sat by the window and mused upon the dusky landscape, watching the lights disappearing one by one from the distant village; and the moon rising in her silent majesty, and leading up all the silver pomp of heaven. As I have gazed upon these quiet groves and shadowing lawns, silvered over and imperfectly lighted by streaks of dewy moonshine, my mind has been crowded by “thick coming fancies” concerning those spiritual beings which

“—————Walk the earth  
Unseen both when we wake and when we sleep.”

Are there, indeed, such beings? Is this space between us and the Deity filled up by innumerable orders of spiritual beings, forming the same gradations between the human soul and divine perfection, that we see prevailing from humanity down to the meanest insect? It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine inculcated by the early fathers, that there are guardian angels appointed to watch over cities and nations, to take care of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy. Even the doctrine of departed spirits returning to visit the scenes and beings which were dear to them during the bodies' existence, though it has been debased by the absurd

superstitions of the vulgar, in itself is awfully solemn and sublime.

However lightly it may be ridiculed, yet, the attention involuntarily yielded to it whenever it is made the subject of serious discussion, and its prevalence in all ages and countries, even among newly discovered nations that have had no previous interchange of thought with other parts of the world, prove it to be one of those mysterious and instinctive beliefs, to which, if left to ourselves, we should naturally incline.

In spite of all the pride of reason and philosophy, a vague doubt will still lurk in the mind, and perhaps will never be eradicated, as it is a matter that does not admit of positive demonstration. Who yet has been able to comprehend and describe the nature of the soul; its mysterious connection with the body; or in what part of the frame it is situated? We know merely that it does exist: but whence it came, and when it entered into us, and how it is retained, and where it is seated, and how it operates, are all matters of mere speculation, and contradictory theories. If, then, we are thus ignorant of this spiritual essence, even while it forms a part of ourselves, and is continually present to our consciousness, how can we pretend to ascertain or deny its powers and operations, when released from its fleshly prison-house?

Everything connected with our spiritual nature is full of doubt and difficulty. "We are fearfully and wonderfully made;" we are surrounded by mysteries, and we are mysteries even to ourselves. It is more the manner in which this superstition has been degraded, than its intrinsic absurdity, that has brought it into contempt. Raise it above the frivolous purposes to which it has been applied, strip it of the gloom and horror with which it has been enveloped, and there is none, in the whole circle of visionary creeds, that could more delightfully elevate the imagination, or more tenderly affect the heart. It would become a sovereign comfort at the bed of death, soothing the bitter tear wrung from us by the agony of mortal separation.

What could be more consoling than the idea, that the souls of those we once loved were permitted to return and watch over our welfare?—that affectionate and guardian spirits sat by our pillows when we slept, keeping a vigil over our most help-



less hours?—that beauty and innocence, which had languished into the tomb, yet smiled unseen around us, revealing themselves in those blest dreams wherein we live over again the hours of past endearments? A belief of this kind would, I should think, be a new incentive to virtue, rendering us circumspect, even in our most secret moments, from the idea that those we once loved and honored were invisible witnesses of all our actions.

It would take away, too, from that loneliness and destitution, which we are apt to feel more and more as we get on in our pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world, and find that those who set forward with us lovingly and cheerily, on the journey, have one by one dropped away from our side. Place the superstition in this light, and I confess I should like to be a believer in it.—I see nothing in it that is incompatible with the tender and merciful nature of our religion, or revolting to the wishes and affections of the heart.

There are departed beings that I have loved as I never again shall love in this world; that have loved me as I never again shall be loved. If such beings do even retain in their blessed spheres the attachments which they felt on earth; if they take an interest in the poor concerns of transient mortality, and are permitted to hold communion with those whom they have loved on earth, I feel as if I could receive their visitation with the most solemn but unalloyed delight.

In truth, such visitations would be too happy for this world: they would take away from the bounds and barriers that hem us in and keep us from each other. Our existence is doomed to be made up of transient embraces and long separations. The most intimate friendship—of what brief and scattered portions of time does it consist! We take each other by the hand; and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness; and we rejoice together for a few short moments; and then days, months, years intervene, and we have no intercourse with each other. Or if we dwell together for a season, the grave soon closes its gates, and cuts off all further communion; and our spirits must remain in separation and widowhood, until they meet again in that more perfect state of being, where soul shall dwell with soul, and there shall be no such thing as death, or absence, or any other interruption of our union.



## EIGHTY-SECOND LESSON.

THE DYING ARCHER.—*R. C. Waterston.*

THE day has near ended, the light quivers through  
The leaves of the forest, which bend with the dew ;  
The flowers bow in beauty, the smooth-flowing stream,  
Is gliding as softly as thoughts in a dream ;  
The low room is darkened, there breathes not a sound,  
While friends in their sadness are gathering round ;  
Now out speaks the Archer, his course well nigh done,  
“ Throw, throw back the lattice,\* and let in the sun !”

The lattice is opened ; and now the blue sky  
Brings joy to his bosom, and fire to his eye ;  
There stretches the greenwood, where, year after year,  
He “ chased the wild roe-buck and followed the deer.”  
He gazed upon mountain, and forest, and dell,  
Then bowed he, in sorrow, a silent farewell :  
“ And when we are parted, and when thou art dead,  
Oh where shall we lay thee ?” his followers said.

Then up rose the Archer, and gazed once again  
On far-reaching mountain, and river, and plain ;  
“ Now bring me my quiver,† and tighten my bow,  
And let the winged arrow my sepulchre show !”  
Out, out through the lattice, the arrow has passed,  
And in the far forest has lighted at last,  
And there shall the hunter in slumber be laid,  
Where wild-deer are bounding beneath the green shade.

His last words are finished : his spirit has fled,  
And now lies in silence the form of the dead ;  
The lamps in the chamber are flickering dim,  
And sadly the mourners are chanting their hymn ;  
And now to the greenwood, and now on the sod,  
Where lighted the arrow, the mourners have trod ;  
And thus by the river, where dark forests wave,  
That noble old Archer hath found him a grave !

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\* *Lattice*, a window of grate-work.\* *Quiver*, a case for arrows.

## EIGHTY-THIRD LESSON.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.—*J. R. Drake.*

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure\* robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there ;  
She mingled with the gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldric† of the skies,  
And striped its pure celestial white,  
With streakings of the morning light.  
Then, from his mansion in the sun,  
She called her eagle-bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,  
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,  
And see the lightning-lances driven,  
When strike the warriors of the storm  
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—  
Child of the Sun, to thee 't is given,  
To guard the banner of the free,  
To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
To ward away the battle-stroke,  
And bid its blendings shine afar,  
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,  
The harbinger‡ of victory.

Flag of the brave, thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph, high.  
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on  
(Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
Has dimmed the glist'ning bayonet),

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\* *Azure*, blue, sky-colored.

† *Baldric* [pronounced bawldrik], a girdle

‡ *Harbinger*, forerunner

Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn  
To where thy meteor-glories burn,  
And, as his springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the glance ;  
And, when the cannon-mouthings loud  
Heave, in wild wreaths, the battle-shroud,  
And gory sabres rise and fall,  
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall !  
There shall thy victor-glances glow,  
And cowering\* foes shall shrink beneath  
Each gallant arm that strikes below  
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas, on ocean's wave  
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,  
When death, careering on the gale,  
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,  
And frightened waves rush wildly back,  
Before the broadside's reeling rack ;  
The dying wanderer of the sea  
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,  
And smile to see thy splendors fly,  
In triumph, o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free hearts' only home,  
By angel-hands to valor given,  
Thy stars have lit the welkin† dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven  
For ever float that standard sheet !  
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us ?

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\* *Cowering*, stooping, shrinking.

† *Welkin dome*, the sky, the regions of the air.

## EIGHTY-FOURTH LESSON.

THE ANGEL OF THE LEAVES.—*H. F. Gould.*

"ALAS! alas!" said the sorrowing tree, "my beautiful robe is gone! It has been torn from me. Its faded pieces whirl upon the wind! they rustle beneath the squirrel's foot, as he searches for his nut. They float upon the passing stream, and on the quivering lake. Wo is me! for my fair green vesture is gone. It was the gift of the angel of the leaves! I have lost it, and my glory has vanished; my beauty has disappeared. My summer hours have passed away. My bright and comely garment, alas! it is rent in a thousand parts. Who will weave me such another? Piece by piece, it has been stripped from me. Scarcely did I sigh for the loss of one, ere another wandered off on air. The sound of music cheers me no more. The birds that sang in my bosom were dismayed\* at my desolation. They have flown away with their songs.

"I stood in my pride. The sun brightened my robe with his smile. The zephyrs† breathed softly through its glassy folds; the clouds strewed pearls among them. My shadow was wide upon the earth. My arms spread far on the gentle air; my head was lifted high; my forehead was fair to the heavens. But now how changed! Sadness is upon me; my head is shorn, my arms are stripped; I cannot throw a shadow on the ground. Beauty has departed; gladness is gone out of my bosom; the blood has retired from my heart, it has sunk into the earth. I am thirsty, I am cold. My naked limbs shiver in the chilly air. The keen blast comes pitiless among them. The winter is coming; I am destitute. Sorrow is my portion. Mourning must wear me away. How shall I account to the angel who clothed me, for the loss of his beautiful gift?"

The angel had been listening. In soothing accents he answered the lamentation.

"My beloved tree," said he, "be comforted! I am by thee still, though every leaf has forsaken thee. The voice of gladness is hushed among the boughs, but let my whisper console thee. Thy sorrow is but for a season. Trust in me; keep my

---

\**Dismayed*, terrified.† *Zephyrs*, gentle west winds.

promise in thy heart. Be patient and full of hope. Let the words I leave with thee, abide and cheer thee through the coming winter. Then I will return and clothe thee anew.

“The storm will drive over thee, the snow will sift through thy naked limbs. But these will be light and passing afflictions. The ice will weigh heavily on thy helpless arms; but it shall soon dissolve in tears. It shall pass into the ground and be drunken by thy roots. Then it will creep up in secret beneath thy bark. It will spread into the branches it has oppressed, and help me to adorn them. For I shall be here to use it.

“Thy blood has now only retired for safety. The frost would chill and destroy it. It has gone into thy mother’s bosom for her to keep it warm. Earth will not rob her offspring. She is a careful parent. She knows the wants of her children, and forgets not to provide for the least of them.

“The sap that has for a while gone down, will make thy roots strike deeper and spread wider. It will then return to nourish thy heart. It will be renewed and strengthened. Then, if thou shalt have remembered and trusted in my promise, I will fulfil it. Buds shall shoot forth on every side of thy boughs. I will unfold for thee another robe. I will paint it and fit it in every part. It shall be a comely raiment. Thou shalt forget thy present sorrow. Sadness shall be swallowed up in joy. Now, my beloved tree, fare thee well for a season!”

The angel was gone. The muttering winter drew near. The wild blast whistled for the storm. The storm came and howled around the tree. But the word of the angel was hidden in her heart; it soothed her amid the threatenings of the tempest. The ice cakes rattled upon her limbs; they loaded and weighed them down. “My slender branches,” said she, “let not this burden overcome you. Break not beneath this heavy affliction; break not, but bend, till you can spring back to your places. Let not a twig of you be lost! Hope must prop you up for a while, and the angel will reward your patience. You will move upon a softer air. Grace shall be again in your motion, and beauty hanging around you!”

The scowling face of winter began to lose its features. The raging storm grew faint, and breathed its last. The restless



clouds fretted themselves to atoms; they scattered upon the sky, and were brushed away. The sun threw down a bundle of golden arrows. They fell upon the tree; the ice cakes glittered as they came. Every one was shattered by a shaft, and unlocked itself upon the limb. They were melted and gone.

The reign of spring had come. Her blessed ministers were broad in the earth; they hovered in the air; they blended their beautiful tints, and cast a new created glory on the face of the heavens.

The tree was rewarded for her trust. The angel was true to the object of his love. He returned; he bestowed on her another robe. It was bright, glossy and unsullied.\* The dust of summer had never lit upon it; the scorching heat had not faded it; the moth had not profaned† it. The tree stood again in loveliness; she was dressed in more than her former beauty. She was very fair; joy smiled around her on every side. The birds flew back to her bosom. They sang on every branch a hymn to the Angel of the Leaves.

#### EIGHTY-FIFTH LESSON.

##### THE SONG OF THE ANGELS AT BETHLEHEM.—*J. Grahame.*

DEEP was the midnight silence in the fields  
Of Bethlehem; hushed the folds; save that at times  
Was heard the lambs' faint bleat; the shepherds stretched  
On the green sward, surveyed the starry vault.

“The heavens declare the glory of the Lord,  
The firmament shows forth thy handiwork;”

Thus they their hearts attuned to the most High;  
When suddenly a splendid cloud appeared,

As if a portion of the milky way

Descended slowly in the spiral course;

Near and more near it draws; then, hovering, floats

High as the soar of eagles, shedding bright

Upon the folded flocks a heavenly radiance.

From whence was uttered loud, yet sweet, a voice:

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\* *Unsullied*, not stained.

† *Profaned*, injured.

"Fear not, I bring good tidings of great joy.  
 For unto you is born this day a Saviour!  
 And this shall be a sign to you: the babe  
 Laid lowly in a manger ye shall find:"  
 The angel spake, when, lo! upon the cloud,  
 A multitude of seraphim enthroned,  
 Sang praises, saying, "glory to the Lord  
 On high: on earth be peace, good will to men."  
 With sweet response\* harmoniously they choired;†  
 And while with heavenly harmony the song  
 Arose to God, more bright the buoyant throng  
 Illumed the land: the prowling lion stops,  
 Awe-struck, with mane upreared, and flattened head;  
 And without turning, backward on his steps  
 Recoils,‡ aghast, into the desert gloom.  
 A trembling joy the astonished shepherds prove,  
 As heavenward re-ascends the vocal blaze  
 Triumphantly; while by degrees the strain  
 Dies on the ear, that self-deluded, listens,  
 As if a sound so sweet could never die.

# EIGHTY-SIXTH LESSON.

## LIFE: AN ALLEGORY.—*J. G. Percival.*

It is now Morning. Still and glassy lies the lake, within its  
 green and dew-sprent§ shores. Light mist hangs around, like a  
 skiey veil, and only reveals the uncertain outlines of woods  
 and hills. The warm vernal|| air is just stirring in the valleys,  
 but has not yet ruffled the water's mirror. Turn the eye upward  
 —the misty vault opens into the calm, clear heavens, over which  
 there seems suffused¶ a genial\*\* spirit's breath. Far distant on  
 the horizon flash out the gilded and reddening peaks; and from  
 yonder crown of snow, a sudden radiance announces the risen  
 sun. Now in the east stream the golden rays through the soft

\* Response, answer.

† Choired, sung in a choir.

‡ Recoils, rushes back.

§ Sprent, sprinkled.

|| Vernal, belonging to spring.

¶ Suffused, overspread.

\*\* Genial, cheerful

blue vapor. The breeze freshens, and comes loaded with fragrance from the woods. A faint, dark curl sweeps over the water; the mist rolls up, lifts itself above meadow and hill, and in gathered folds hangs light around the mountains. Away on the level lake, till it meets the sky, silvery gleams\* the sheeted wave, sprinkled with changeeful stars, as the ever-rising breeze breaks it in ripples. Now the pennon† that hung loose around the mast rises and fitfully floats. We spread the sail, and, casting off from the shore, glide out with cheerful hearts on our voyage. Before us widens the lake; rock after rock receding back on either hand, and opening between, still bays, hung round with sparkling woods, or leading through green meadow vistas to blue sunny hills.

It is now Noon. In the middle lake speeds the bark over light-glancing waves. Dark opens down the clear depth. White toss the crests of foam,—and, as the sail stoops to the steady wind, swift flies the parted water round the prow, and rushing pours behind the stern. The distant shores glow bright in the sun, that alone in the heaven looks unveiled with vivifying‡ goodness over the earth. How high and broad swells the sky! The agitated lake tosses like a wide field of snowy blossoms. Sweep after sweep of the long-retiring shores—hill gleaming over hill, up to the shadowy mountains—and over these Alpine§ needles, shooting pearly white into the boundless azure||—all lie still and happy under the ever-smiling sun.

And now it is Evening. The sun is sinking behind the dark mountains, and clouds scattered far in the east float soft in rosy light. The sun is now hidden, and strong and wide sweeps up its golden flame, like the holy blaze of a funeral pile. The breeze slackens—the waves subside in slumber—and slowly the bark steers into its sheltering bay. Long shadows stretch from hill to valley—fall like dark curtains on the lake—and a solemn, subdued serenity broods, like a protecting spirit, over the hushed and quiet earth. Only the far summits yet retain their brightness. Faint blushes stain the eternal snows, recalling the

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\* *Gleams*, shines with sudden flashes of light.

† *Pennon*, a small flag.

‡ *Vivifying*, making alive, animating

§ *Alpine*, belonging to the Alps.

|| *Azure*, blue color. the sky

first dawning roses, like the memory of early joys in the tranquil moments of departing age. These, too, fade; but the evening star looks bright from the blue infinite, and, like the herald\* of a better world, leads us softly to our haven.

## EIGHTY-SEVENTH LESSON.

THE CLOUD.—*Shelley.*

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
From the seas and the streams;  
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
In their noon-day dreams.  
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
The sweet birds every one,  
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,  
As she dances about the sun.  
I wield the flail of lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under,  
And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.  
I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
And their great pines groan aghast;  
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,  
Lightning my pilot sits;  
In a cavern under, is fettered the thunder,  
It struggles and howls at fits;  
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
This pilot is guiding me,  
Lured by the love of the genii† that move  
In the depths of the purple sea:  
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
Over the lakes and the plains,  
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,  
The spirit he loves remains;

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\* *Herald*, a harbinger, forerunner.† *Genii*, imaginary beings of a grade between men and angels.



And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,  
    Whilst he is dissolving in rains.  
The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
    And his burning plumes outspread,  
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
    When the morning star shines dead  
As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
    Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
An eagle alit one moment may sit  
    In the light of its golden wings.  
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,  
    Its ardors of rest and of love,  
And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
    From the depth of heaven above,  
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,  
    As still as a brooding dove.  
That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,  
    Whom mortals call the moon,  
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,  
    By the midnight breezes strewn;  
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,  
    Which only the angels hear,  
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,  
    The stars peep behind her and peer;  
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
    Like a swarm of golden bees,  
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
    Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,  
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,  
    Are each paved with the moon and these.  
I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,  
    And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;  
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,  
    When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.  
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
    Over a torrent sea,  
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,  
    The mountains its columns be.



The triumphal arch through which I march  
     With hurricane, fire and snow,  
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,  
     Is the million-colored bow ;  
 The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,  
     While the moist earth was laughing below.  
 I am the daughter of earth and water,  
     And the nursling of the sky ;  
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores :  
     I change, but I cannot die.

### EIGHTY-EIGHTH LESSON.

#### THE BROKEN HEART.—*Washington Irving.*

EVERY one must recollect the tragical story of young E——, the Irish patriot ; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so everything that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him ; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy, even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image ! Let those tell who have

had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at his threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonored! There was nothing for memory to dwell on, that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of Heaven, to revive the heart in the parching hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her lover. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward wo, that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and “heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely.”

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and wo-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy

crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air that showed her insensibility to the garish\* scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender, could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation; for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

It was on her that Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, composed the following lines:

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps  
And lovers around her are sighing :  
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,  
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,  
Every note which he loved awaking—  
Ah ! little they think, who delight in her strains,  
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking !

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\* *Garish*, gaudy, showy.

He had lived for his love—for his country he died,  
They were all that to life had entwined him—  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
Nor long will his love stay behind him !

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,  
When they promise a glorious morrow ;  
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,  
From her own loved island of sorrow !

### EIGHTY-NINTH LESSON.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.—*John Pierpont.*

THE Pilgrim Fathers,—where are they ?  
The waves that brought them o'er  
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray  
As they break along the shore :  
Still roll in the bay, as they roll'd that day  
When the Mayflower\* moor'd below,  
When the sea around was black with storms,  
And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapp'd the Pilgrim's sleep,  
Still brood upon the tide ;  
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,  
To stay its waves of pride.  
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale  
When the heavens look'd dark, is gone ;—  
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,  
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile,—sainted name !  
The hill, whose icy brow  
Rejoiced when he came, in the morning's flame,  
In the morning's flame burns now.  
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night  
On the hill-side and the sea,  
Still lies where he laid his houseless head ;—  
But the Pilgrim,—where is he ?

---

\* *Mayflower*, a ship so called.



The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest ;  
 When summer's throned on high,  
 And the world's warm breast is in verdure\* dress'd,  
 Go, stand on the hill where they lie.  
 The earliest ray of the golden day  
 On that hallow'd spot is cast ;  
 And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,  
 Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled ;  
 It walks in noon's broad light ;  
 And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,  
 With their holy stars, by night.  
 It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,  
 And shall guard this ice-bound shore,  
 Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,  
 Shall foam and freeze no more.

## NINETIETH LESSON.

### A SKETCH.—*New Yorker.*

THE first sensation wrought in the Revolutionists was the surprise of disappointed confidence. I can well imagine to myself the shock that these early demonstrations of tyranny gave them. Impoverished by war, debilitated† by exertion, their agriculture suffering, their commerce unsettled, their currency deplorable, they must have been apoplexed with astonishment at this rapid succession of cruelties from the Parent Empire. This past, and the bitter, sickening grief of wounded affection and outraged‡ weakness followed. Then came the wintry gloom and passive listlessness of despair. The young men quitted their places of industry to mourn with their fathers, and all classes abandoned themselves for a season to the pressure of their wo.

The curtain now rises, and reveals the first appearance of

\* *Verdure*, green color.

‡ *Outraged*, treated with abuse or violence

† *Debilitated*, weakened.



Revolution. A man stands upon the floor of the House of Delegates of Virginia. He turns an eye of fire around him—he trembles with some mighty emotion. That emotion, \* \* \*, was the first breath of new-born Liberty! She started into life at his inspiration, and the days of Tyranny were numbered!

The grandeur of that scene cannot be compassed\* in one glance. He stood amid a grave and prudent body of men, conscious indeed of the wrongs of their country, but relying upon modest petition for redress. They had never let their imaginations ramble into visions of upright and chainless Independence. A thousand things forbade the idea. Their habits of thought and action, their pitiable weakness as a country, their disgust for war on account of recent and exhausting conflicts, all tended to indispose them for Freedom. They were, besides, legislating beneath the zealous eyes of royal deputies, who would not fail to call treason by its right name. They sat, as it were, under the glimmerings of the diadem.

Who would dare, if so inclined, to stalk forth from their midst and throw down the gauntlet† to the mightiest empire of the world—nay, to all the empires of the world—to principles as old as the great globe itself, interwoven with every page of past history, sanctioned by venerable ages, and proud and awful as the heavens? Who would dare to leap on the moss-grown and frowning ramparts of Monarchy, and pluck down its blood-red flag? Who would rush out from the security of submission, and, Sampson-like, grasp the lion by his mane? It was the grandest moment of time—but God had reared up one to fill it. That man was PATRICK HENRY.

I will not tarry upon a scene where History has so often lingered, and always with a solemnity bordering on the superstitious. I would it never had been detailed, but rather left to the imagination of posterity. I had rather the attitude, gesture, look, tone, position and costume of the god-like orator, had never been matters of precise description. It serves too much (pardon my extravagance) to familiarize him down to the level of humanity. The Patrick Henry of that occasion should have been committed to the homage of Fancy.

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\* *Compassed*, surrounded, fully viewed.

† *Throw down the gauntlet*, to challenge.

I will close with but a word. He opened his lips. His heart, big with the destinies of the world, struggled for a moment with doubt—no longer. The electric appeal shot forth—darted on—flashing fiercer and brighter, and growing and growing in overwhelming majesty, until the last words—“GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH!”—filled up its measure of terrible might; and the last link of the chain that had eternally bound the form of Freedom was riven. He had finished his sublime task, the Revolution was afoot!

## NINETY-FIRST LESSON.

THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT.—*Wm. O. B. Peabody.*

OH! sacred star of evening, tell  
In what unseen celestial\* sphere†  
Those spirits of the perfect dwell,  
Too pure to rest in sadness here.

Roam they the crystal fields of light,  
O'er paths by holy angels trod;  
Their robes with heavenly lustre bright.  
Their home the paradise of God?

Soul of the just! and canst thou soar  
Amid those radiant spheres sublime,  
Where countless hosts of heaven adore,  
Beyond the bounds of space or time?

And canst thou join the sacred choir,  
Through heaven's high dome the song to raise,  
When seraphs strike the golden lyre,  
In ever-during notes of praise?

Oh! who would heed the chilling blast,  
That flows o'er time's eventful sea,  
If bid to hail, its perils past,  
The bright wave of eternity?

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\* *Celestial*, heavenly

† *Sphere*, globe, orb.

And who the sorrows would not bear  
Of such a transient\* world as this,  
When hope displays, beyond its care,  
So bright an entrance into bliss?

## NINETY-SECOND LESSON.

COLONEL ISAAC HAYNES.

AFTER the city of Charleston had fallen into the hands of Lord Cornwallis,† his lordship issued a proclamation, requiring of the inhabitants of the colony that they should no longer take part in the contest, but continue peaceably at their homes, and they should be most sacredly protected in property and person.

This was accompanied with an instrument of neutrality, which soon obtained the signatures of many thousands of the citizens of South Carolina, among whom was Colonel Haynes, who now conceived that he was entitled to peace and security for his family and fortune.

But it was not long before Cornwallis put a new construction on the instrument of neutrality, denominating it a bond of allegiance‡ to the king, and called upon all who had signed it to take up arms against the *Rebels!* threatening to treat as deserters those who refused! This fraudulent proceeding of Lord Cornwallis roused the indignation of every honorable and honest man.

Colonel Haynes now being compelled, in violation of the most solemn compact, to take up arms, resolved that the invaders of his native country should be the objects of his vengeance. He withdrew from the British, and was invested with a command in the continental service; but it was soon his hard fortune to be captured by the enemy and carried into Charleston.

Lord Rawdon, the commandant, immediately ordered him to be loaded with irons, and after a sort of mock trial, he was sentenced to be hung! This sentence seized all classes of people with horror and dismay. A petition, headed by the

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\* *Transient*, passing away.† *Allegiance*, duty of a subject to his king.

‡ Lord Cornwallis, a British commander.

British Governor Bull, and signed by a number of royalists, was presented in his behalf, but was totally disregarded.

The ladies of Charleston, both whigs and tories, now united in a petition to Lord Rawdon, couched in the most eloquent and moving language, praying that the valuable life of Colonel Haynes might be spared ; but this also was treated with neglect. It was next proposed that Colonel Haynes's children (the mother had recently deceased) should, in their mourning habiliments,\* be presented to plead for the life of their only surviving parent.

Being introduced into his presence, they fell on their knees, and with clasped hands and weeping eyes they lisped their father's name and pleaded most earnestly for his life, but in vain : the unfeeling man was still inexorable ! His son, a youth of thirteen, was permitted to stay with his father in prison, who beholding his only parent loaded with irons and condemned to die, was overwhelmed in grief and sorrow.

" Why," said he, " my son, will you thus break your father's heart with unavailing sorrow ? Have I not often told you we came into this world to prepare for a better ? For that better life, my dear boy, your father is *prepared*. Instead then of weeping, rejoice with me, my son, that my troubles are so near an end. To-morrow I set out for immortality. You will accompany me to the place of my execution, and, when I am dead, take and bury me by the side of your mother."

The youth here fell on his father's neck, crying, " O my father ! my father ! I will die with you ! I will die with you !" Colonel Haynes would have returned the strong embrace of his son, but, alas ! his hands were confined with irons. " Live," said he, " my son, live to honor God by a good life, live to serve your country ; and live to take care of your little sisters and brother !"

The next morning Colonel Haynes was conducted to the place of execution. His son accompanied him. Soon as they came in sight of the gallows, the father strengthened himself, and said—" *Now, my son, show yourself a man ! That tree is the boundary of my life, and of all my life's sorrows. Beyond that the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Don't lay too*

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\* *Habiliments*, dresses



*much to heart our separation from you ; it will be but short. It was but lately your dear mother died. To-day I die, and you, my son, though but young, must shortly follow us."* "Yes, my father," replied the broken-hearted youth, "I shall shortly follow you ; for indeed I feel that I cannot live long."

On seeing therefore his father in the hands of the executioner,\* and then struggling in the halter,—he stood like one transfixed† and motionless with horror. Till then he had wept incessantly, but as soon as he saw that sight, the fountain of his tears was stanchèd, and he never wept more. He died *insane*, and in his last moments often called on the name of his father in terms that wrung tears from the hardest hearts.

### NINETY-THIRD LESSON.

#### SPIRIT OF FREEDOM.—*Percival.*

SPIRIT OF FREEDOM ! who thy home hast made  
In wilds and wastes, where wealth has never trod,  
Nor bowed her coward head before her god,  
The sordid deity of fraudulent trade ;  
Where power has never reared his iron brow,  
And glared his glance of terror, nor has blown  
The maddening trump of battle, nor has flown  
His blood-thirst eagles ; where no flatterers bow,  
And kiss the foot that spurns them ; where no throne,  
Bright with the spoils from nations wrested, towers,  
The idol of a slavish mob, who herd,  
Where largess feeds their sloth with golden showers,  
And thousands hang upon one tyrant's word—

SPIRIT OF FREEDOM ! thou, who dwell'st alone,  
Unblenchèd,‡ unyielding, on the storm-beat shore,  
And findest a stirring music in its roar,  
And lookest abroad on earth and sea thy own—  
Far from the city's noxious§ hold, thy foot  
Fleet as the wild deer bounds, as if its breath

\* *Executioner*, one who puts to death by law.

† *Transfixed*, pierced through.

‡ *Unblenchèd*, unshrinking.

§ *Noxious*, hurtful, destructive



Were but the rankest, foulest steam of death,  
Its soil were but the dunghill, where the root  
Of every poisonous weed and baleful tree  
Grew vigorously and deeply, till their shade  
Had choked and killed each wholesome plant, and laid  
In rottenness the flower of LIBERTY—  
Thou fliest to the desert, and its sands  
Become thy welcome shelter, where the pure  
Wind gives its freshness to thy roving bands,  
And languid weakness finds its only cure;  
Where few their wants, and bounded their desires,  
And life all spring and action, they display  
Man's boldest flights, and highest, warmest fires,  
And beauty wears her loveliest array—

SPIRIT OF FREEDOM! I would with thee dwell,  
Whether on Afric's sand, or Norway's crags,  
Or Kansa's prairies,\* for thou lovest them well,  
And there thy boldest daring never flags;  
Or I would launch with thee upon the deep,  
And like the petrel† make the wave my home,  
And careless as the sportive sea-bird roam;  
Or with the chamois‡ on the Alp would leap,  
And feel myself upon the snow-clad height,  
A portion of that undimmed flow of light,  
No mist nor cloud can darken—O! with thee,  
Spirit of Freedom! deserts, mountains, storms,  
Would wear a glow of beauty, and their forms  
Would soften into loveliness, and be  
Dearest of earth,—for there my soul is free.

---

\* *Prairies*, extensive tracts of land destitute of trees.

† *Petrel*, a water fowl.

‡ *Chamois* (pronounced Shamoy), a kind of goat.

## NINETY-FOURTH LESSON.

LAKES AND THE OCEAN—*G. Mellen.*

THERE is ever a contrast between the lesser lakes and the great ocean. You can rarely, if ever, look upon the sea, when it is not heaving with the coming on, the height, or the dying of the tempest. There is always agitation within its mighty bosom. You see something at work there that tells of perpetual\* unrest†—of a power within, that cannot be still. The subsiding thunder of the storm that has passed away, is but the deep prelusive‡ music of another.

But go in midsummer to the lake, embosomed§ among the hills, and gaze upon it when all the elements are in slumber, and I know not that you will find in nature a more beautiful picture of repose. There is no heaving billow there—no crested wave breaking in foam upon the shore—no sound of departed storm, murmuring like some vast imprisoned spirit at its temporary subjection. But you see there a surface, silent as death—and as placid. The water lies spread before you, a perfect mirror; and you see wooded summit and lonely vale—forest and field-tree and tower—cloud and sky, all gazing into its profound, as though enchanted with the loveliness of their own reflection. You see the beautiful and the grand mingling their wonders in solitude, and you feel how much more exquisite is the display, when it is perfected in the hour and home of Nature's quietness.

Then, if you stand upon bank or shore at sunset, when its hundred hues are playing on the sky, and see the new heaven created in the depths below you, and witness its mockery of splendor, its fading colors and dying beams, till star begins to answer to star in the dark water, surely you are beholding something that Nature presents only in such hallowed spots in her empire—something of beauty and grandeur that she can never offer by the “vasty deep,”—something—be it developed where it may, far beyond the witchery of the gifted pencil—something to rejoice in—something to be thankful for.

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\* *Perpetual*, continual, never ceasing.† *Unrest*, disquiet.‡ *Prelusive*, previous, serving to introduce§ *Embosomed* enclosed.

## NINETY-FIFTH LESSON.

MARCO BOZZARIS.—*Halleck.*

At midnight, in his guarded tent,  
The Turk was dreaming of the hour,  
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,  
Should tremble at his power.  
In dreams through camp and court, he bore  
The trophies\* of a conqueror;  
In dreams his song of triumph heard;  
Then wore his monarch's signet† ring,  
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;  
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
As Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;  
That bright dream was his last;  
He woke—to hear his sentry's‡ shriek,  
“To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”  
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,  
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,  
And death shots falling thick and fast  
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;  
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
Bozzaris cheer his band:—  
“Strike—till the last armed foe expires,  
Strike—for your altars and your fires,  
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,  
God—and your native land!”

They fought—like brave men, long and well,  
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;  
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,  
Bleeding at every vein.

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\* *Trophies*, things taken in battle from an enemy.‡ *Sentry*, a soldier on guard.† *Signet ring*, a ring containing the king's seal.

His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile when rang the proud hurrah,  
And the red field was won;  
Then saw in death his eyelids close  
Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
Like flowers at set of sun.

## NINETY-SIXTH LESSON.

SUBLIMITY OF MOUNTAIN SCENERY.—*Croly.*

Of all the sights that nature offers to the eye and mind of man, mountains have always stirred my strongest feelings. I have seen the Ocean, when it was turned up from the bottom by tempest, and noon was like night, with the conflict of the billows and the storm, that tore and scattered them in mist and foam across the sky. I have seen the Desert rise around me, and calmly, in the midst of thousands uttering cries of horror and paralyzed by fear, have contemplated the sandy pillars, coming like the advance of some gigantic city of conflagration flying across the wilderness, every column glowing with intense fire, and every blast death; the sky vaulted with gloom, the earth a furnace.

But with me, the mountain—in tempest or in calm, the throne of the thunder, or with the evening sun painting its dells† and declivities‡ in colors dipped in heaven—has been the source of the most absorbing sensations.—There stands magnitude, giving the instant impression of a power above man—grandeur, that defies decay—antiquity, that tells of ages unnumbered—beauty, that the touch of time makes only more beautiful—use, exhaustless for the service of man—strength, imperishable as the globe;—the monument of eternity,—the truest earthly emblem of that ever-living, unchangeable, irresistible Majesty, by whom and for whom, all things were made!

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\* *Paralyzed*, deprived of motion.‡ *Declivities*, descents, slopes.† *Dells*, valleys.



## NINETY-SEVENTH LESSON.

## MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

It was thirteen years since my mother's death, when, after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound, beneath which I had seen her buried. Since that mournful period, great changes have come over me. My childish years have passed away; and with them have passed my youthful character. The world was altered too; and as I stood at my mother's grave, I could hardly realize that I was the same thoughtless, happy creature, whose cheek she so often kissed in her excess of tenderness.

But the varied events of thirteen years had not effaced the remembrance of that mother's smile. It seemed as if I had seen her yesterday—as if the blessed sound of her voice was then in my ear. The gay dreams of my infancy and childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind, that had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed would have been gentle and refreshing. The circumstance may seem a trifling one; but the thought of it, even now, agonizes my heart—and I relate it that those who have parents to love them, may learn to value them as they ought.

My mother had been ill a long time; and I had become so much accustomed to her pale face and weak voice, that I was not frightened at them, as children usually are. At first, it is true, I had sobbed violently—for they told me that she would die; but when, day after day, I returned from school, and found her the same, I began to believe she would always be spared to me.

One day when I had lost my place in the class, and done my work wrong-side-outward, I came home discouraged and fretful. I went into my mother's chamber. She was paler than usual,—but she met me with the same affectionate smile that always welcomed my return. Alas! when I look back through the lapse of thirteen years, I think my heart must have been stone, not to have been melted by it.

She requested me to go down stairs, and bring her a glass of water. I pettishly asked why she did not call the domestic to do it. With a look of mild reproach, which I shall never



forget, if I live to be a hundred years old, she said, "And will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?"

I went and brought her the water; but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling, and kissing her as I was wont to do, I set the glass down very quick and left the room.

After playing a short time, I retired without bidding my mother "good night;" but when alone in my room, in darkness and silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her faint voice trembled, when she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?" I could not sleep; and I stole into her chamber, to ask forgiveness. She had just sunk into an uneasy slumber; and they told me I must not waken her. I did not tell any one what troubled me; but stole back to my bed, resolved to rise early in the morning, and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke, and hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's room.

She was dead! She never spoke to me more—never smiled upon me again! And when I touched the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold it made me start. I bowed down by her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I thought then I wished I could die, and be buried with her; and old as I now am, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me she forgave my childish ingratitude. But I cannot call her back; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold\* kindness, the memory of the reproachful look she gave me, will "bite like a serpent and sting like an adder."

#### NINETY-EIGHTH LESSON.

**"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY."**—*W. Cutter.*

"It is true there are shadows as well as lights, clouds as well as sunshine, thorns as well as roses; but it is a happy world after all."

"I would not live alway!"—yet 'tis not that here

There's nothing to live for, and nothing to love;  
The cup of life's blessings, though mingled with tears,  
Is crowned with rich tokens of good from above:

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\* *Manifold*, oft repeated.

And dark though the storms of adversity rise,  
Though changes dishearten, and dangers appal,  
Each hath its high purpose, both gracious and wise,  
And a FATHER'S kind providence rules over all.

"I would not live alway !" and yet, oh, to die !  
With a shuddering thrill how it palsies the heart !  
We may love, we may pant for, the glory on high,  
Yet tremble and grieve from earth's kindred to part.  
There are ties of deep tenderness drawing us down,  
Which warm round the heart-strings their tendrils will  
weave ;  
And Faith, reaching forth for her heavenly crown,  
Still lingers, embracing the friends she must leave.

"I would not live alway !" because I am sure  
There's a better, a holier rest in the sky ;  
And the hope that looks forth to that heavenly shore,  
Overcomes timid nature's reluctance to die.  
O visions of glory, of bliss, and of love,  
Where sin cannot enter, nor passion enslave,  
Ye have power o'er the heart, to subdue or remove  
The sharpness of death, and the gloom of the grave !

"I would not live alway !" yet 'tis not that time,  
Its loves, hopes, and friendships, cares, duties, and joys,  
Yield nothing exalted, nor pure, nor sublime,  
The heart to delight, or the soul to employ ;  
No ! an angel might oftentimes sinlessly dwell  
'Mid the innocent scenes to life's pilgrimage given ;  
And though passion and folly can make earth a hell,  
To the pure 'tis the emblem and gate-way of heaven.

"I would not live alway !" and yet, while I stay  
In this Eden of time, 'mid these gardens of earth,  
I'd enjoy the sweet flowers and fruits as I may,  
And gain with their treasures whate'er they are worth :  
I would live, as if life were a part of my heaven,  
I would love, as if love were a part of its bliss,  
And I'd take the sweet comforts, so lavishly given,  
As foretastes of that world, in portions, in this

"I would not live alway!" yet willingly wait,  
 Be it longer or shorter, life's journey to roam,  
**Ever** ready and girded, with spirits elate,  
 To obey the first call that shall summon me home.  
 O yes ' it is better, far better to go  
 Where pain, sin, and sorrow can never intrude;  
 And yet I would cheerfully tarry below,  
 And expecting the **BETTER**, rejoice in the **GOOD**.

## NINETY-NINTH LESSON.

KNOWLEDGE.—*De Witt Clinton.*

PLEASURE is a shadow, wealth is vanity, and power a pageant;\* but knowledge is ecstatic† in enjoyment, perennial‡ in fame, unlimited in space, and infinite in duration. In the performance of its sacred office, it fears no danger, spares no expense, omits no exertion. It scales the mountain, looks into the volcano, dives into the ocean; perforates§ the earth, wings its flight into the skies, encircles the globe, explores the sea and land, contemplates the distant, examines the minute, comprehends the great, ascends to the sublime: no place too remote for its grasp, no heavens too exalted for its reach.

## ONE HUNDREDTH LESSON.

MOONLIGHT—AND A FIELD OF BATTLE.—*Shelley.*

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh  
 Which vernal|| zephyrs breathe in Evening's air,  
 Were discord to the speaking quietude  
 That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon¶ vault,  
 Studded with stars unutterably bright,  
 Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,  
 Seems like a canopy\*\* which Love had spread,

\* *Pageant*, a pompous show.|| *Vernal*, belonging to spring.† *Ecstatic*, transporting, very delightful.¶ *Ebon*, dark.‡ *Perennial*, durable, continual.\*\* *Canopy*, a covering spread over the head.§ *Perforates* bores or pierces through

To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,  
 Robed in a garment of untrodden snow ;  
 Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,  
 So stainless, that their white and glittering spires  
 Tinge not the moon's pure beam ; yon castled steep,  
 Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower  
 So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it  
 A metaphor\* of peace ;—all form a scene  
 Where musing Solitude might love to lift  
 Her soul above this sphere of earthliness ;  
 Where Silence undisturbed might watch alone,  
 So cold, so bright, so still !

The orb of day,

In southern climes, o'er ocean's waveless field  
 Sinks sweetly smiling : not the faintest breath  
 Steals o'er the unruffled deep ; the clouds of eve  
 Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of day ;  
 And Vesper's† image on the western main  
 Is beautifully still. To-morrow comes :  
 Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deepening mass,  
 Roll o'er the blackened waters ; the deep roar  
 Of distant thunder mutters awfully ;  
 Tempest unfolds its pinions o'er the gloom  
 That shrouds the boiling surge ; the pitiless fiend,  
 With all his winds and lightnings, tracks his prey ;  
 The torn deep yawns—the vessel finds a grave  
 Beneath its jagged‡ gulf.

Ah ! whence yon glare

That fires the arch of heaven ?—that dark red smoke  
 Bloating the silver moon ? The stars are quenched  
 In darkness, and the pure spangling snow  
 Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round !  
 Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals  
 In countless echoes through the mountains ring,  
 Startling pale Midnight on her starry throne !  
 Nor swells the intermingling din ; the jar,  
 Frequent and frightful, of the bursting bomb ;

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\* *Metaphor*, a similitude, resemblance.

‡ *Jagged*, notched, uneven

† *Vesper*, the evening star, Venus.



The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,  
 The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men  
 Inebriate with rage !—loud and more loud  
 The discord grows ; till pale Death shuts the scene,  
 And, o'er the conqueror and the conquered, draws  
 His cold and bloody shroud. Of all the men  
 Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,  
 In proud and vigorous health—of all the hearts  
 That beat with anxious life at sunset there—  
 How few survive, how few are beating now !  
 All is deep silence, like the fearful calm  
 That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause ;  
 Save when the frantic wail of widowed love  
 Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan  
 With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay  
 Wrapped round its struggling powers.

The grey morn

Dawns on the mournful scene ; the sulphurous smoke  
 Before the icy wind slow rolls away,  
 And the bright beams of frosty morning dance  
 Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood,  
 Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,  
 And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments  
 Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path  
 Of the outsallying victors : far behind  
 Black ashes note where their proud city stood  
 Within yon forest is a gloomy glen—  
 Each tree which guards its darkness from the day,  
 Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

## ONE HUNDRED AND FIRST LESSON.

ABSALOM.—*Willis.*

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low  
 On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled  
 Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,  
 Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.  
 The reeds bent down the stream : the willow leaves,



With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,  
 Forgot the lifting winds ; and the long stems,  
 Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,  
 Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,  
 And leaned, in graceful attitudes, to rest.  
 How strikingly the course of nature tells,  
 By its light heed of human suffering,  
 That it was fashioned for a happier world !  
 King David's limbs were weary. He had fled  
 From far Jerusalem ; and now he stood,  
 With his faint people, for a little rest  
 Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind  
 Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow  
 To its refreshing breath ; for he had worn  
 The mourner's covering, and he had not felt  
 That he could see his people until now.  
 They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,  
 And spoke their kindly words ; and, as the sun  
 Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,  
 And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.  
 Oh ! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts  
 Come crowding thickly up for utterance,  
 And the poor common words of courtesy  
 Are such a very mockery—how much  
 The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer !  
 He prayed for Israel ; and his voice went up  
 Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those  
 Whose love had been his shield ; and his deep tones  
 Grew tremulous. But, oh, for Absalom—  
 For his estranged, misguided Absalom—  
 The proud, bright being, who had burst away,  
 In all his princely beauty, to defy  
 The heart that cherished him—for him he poured,  
 In agony that would not be controlled,  
 Strong supplication, and forgave him there,  
 Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

\* \* \* \* \*

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath  
 Was straightened for the grave ; and, as the folds

Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed  
The matchless symmetry\* of Absalom.  
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls  
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed  
To the admitted air, as glossy now  
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing  
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.  
His helm was at his feet: his banner, soiled  
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid  
Reversed, beside him; and the jewelled hilt,  
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,  
Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.  
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,  
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,  
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,  
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,  
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.  
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade  
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form  
Of David entered, and he gave command,  
In a low tone, to his few followers,  
And left him with his dead. The king stood still.  
Till the last echo died: then, throwing off  
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back  
The pall from the still features of his child,  
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth  
In the resistless eloquence of woe!—

“Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!  
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!  
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,  
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!  
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,  
My proud boy, Absalom!

“Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,  
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee  
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill  
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,

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\* *Symmetry*, proportion

And hear thy sweet '*my father*' from these dumb  
And cold lips, Absalom !

“ The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush  
Of music, and the voices of the young ;  
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,  
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung ;—  
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come  
To meet me, Absalom !

“ And, oh ! when I am stricken, and my heart,  
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,  
How will its love for thee, as I depart,  
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token !  
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,  
To see thee, Absalom !

“ And now, farewell ! 'T is hard to give thee up,  
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee :—  
And thy dark sin !—Oh ! I could drink the cup,  
If from this wo its bitterness had won thee.  
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, **home,**  
My erring Absalom !”

He covered up his face, and bowed himself  
A moment on his child : then, giving him  
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped  
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer ;  
And, as a strength were given him of God,  
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall  
Firmly and decently, and left him there,  
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

## DIALOGUES.

## ONE HUNDRED AND SECOND LESSON.

## CHARLES II. AND WILLIAM PENN

*Charles.* WELL, friend William ! I have sold you a noble province in North America ; but still I suppose you have no thoughts of going thither yourself.

*Penn.* Yes, I have, I assure thee, friend Charles ; and I am just come to bid thee farewell.

*Char.* What ! venture yourself among the savages of North America ! Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war-kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores ?

*Penn.* The best security in the world.

*Char.* I doubt that, friend William ; I have no idea of any security against those cannibals, but in a regiment of good soldiers, with their muskets and bayonets. And mind I tell you beforehand, that, with all my good will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a single soldier with you.

*Penn.* I want none of thy soldiers, Charles : I depend on something better than thy soldiers.

*Char.* Ah ! and what may that be ?

*Penn.* Why, I depend upon themselves—on the workings of their own hearts—on their notions of justice—on their moral sense.

*Char.* A fine thing, this same moral sense, no doubt ; but I fear you will not find much of it among the Indians of North America.

*Penn.* And why not among them, as well as others ?

*Char.* Because, if they had possessed any, they would not have treated my subjects so barbarously as they have done.

*Penn.* That is no proof to the contrary, friend Charles. Thy subjects were the aggressors. When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these poor people the fondest and kindest creatures in the world. Every day they would watch

for them to come ashore, and hasten to meet them, and feast them on the best fish, and venison, and corn, which was all that they had. In return for this hospitality of the savages, as we call them, thy subjects, termed Christians, seized on their country and rich hunting-grounds, for farms for themselves ! Now, is it to be wondered at, that these much injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice ; and that, burning with revenge, they should have committed some excesses ?

*Char.* Well, then, I hope you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner.

*Penn.* I am not afraid of it.

*Char.* Ah ! how will you avoid it ? You mean to get their hunting-grounds too, I suppose ?

*Penn.* Yes, but not by driving these poor people away from them.

*Char.* No, indeed ! How then will you get the lands ?

*Penn.* I mean to buy their lands of them.

*Char.* Buy their lands of them ! Why, man, you have already bought them of me.

*Penn.* Yes, I know I have, and at a dear rate, too ; but I did it only to get thy good will, not that I thought thou hadst any right to their lands.

*Char.* How, man ! no right to their lands !

*Penn.* No, friend Charles, no right at all : what right hast thou to their lands ?

*Char.* Why, the right of discovery, to be sure ; the right which the pope and all Christian kings have agreed to give one another.

*Penn.* The right of discovery ! A strange kind of right, indeed ! Now, suppose, friend Charles, that some canoe-loads of these Indians, crossing the sea, and discovering thy island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head,—what wouldst thou think of it ?

*Char.* Why—why—why—I must confess, I should think it a piece of great impudence in them.

*Penn.* Well, then, how canst thou, a Christian, and a Christian prince too, do that which thou so utterly condemnest in these people, whom thou callest savages ? Yes, friend Charles ;



and suppose, again, that these Indians, on thy refusal to give up thy island of Great Britain, were to make war on thee, and, having weapons more destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects, and drive the rest away,—wouldst thou not think it horribly cruel?

*Char.* I must say that I should, friend William: how can I say otherwise?

*Penn.* Well, then, how can I, who call myself a Christian, do what I should abhor even in heathen? No, I will not do it. But I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves. By doing this, I shall imitate God himself, in his justice and mercy, and thereby insure his blessing on ~~my~~ colony, if I should ever live to plant one in North America.

### ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD LESSON.

CAPTAIN HARDY—NATHAN.—*Anonymous.*

*Nathan.* Good morning, captain. How do you stand this hot weather?

*Captain.* Bless you, boy, it's a cold bath to what we had at Monmouth? Did I ever tell you about that-are battle?

*N.* I have always understood that it was dreadful hot that day!

*Cap.* Bless you, boy, it makes my crutch sweat to think on't—and if I didn't hate long stories, I'd tell you things about that-are battle, sich as you wouldn't believe, you rogue, if I didn't tell you. It beats all natur how hot it was.

*N.* I wonder you did not all die of heat and fatigue.

*Cap.* Why, so we should, if the reg'lars had only died first, but, you see, they never liked the Jarseys, and wouldn't lay their bones there. Now if I didn't hate long stories, I'd tell you all about that-are business, for you see they don't do things so now-a-days.

*N.* How so? Do not people die as they used to?

*Cap.* Bless you, no. It beat all natur to see how long the reg'lars would kick after we killed them.

*N.* What! kick after they were killed! That does beat all natur, as you say.

*Cap.* Come, boy, no splitting hairs with an old continental, for you see, if I didn't hate long stories, I'd tell you things about that-are battle, that you'd never believe. Why, bless you, when ginerall Washington telled us we might give it to 'em, we gin it to em, I tell you.

*N.* You gave what to them?

*Cap.* Cold lead, you rogue. Why, bless you, we fired twice to their once, you see; and if I didn't hate long stories, I'd tell you how we did it. You must know, the reg'lars wore their close-bodied red coats, because they thought we were afeared on 'em, but we did not wear any coats, you see, because we hadn't any.

*N.* How happened you to be without coats?

*Cap.* Why, bless you, they would wear out, and the States couldn't buy us any more, you see, and so we marched the lighter, and worked the freer for it. Now if I did not hate long stories, I would tell you what the ginerall said to me next day, when I had a touch of the rheumatiz from lying on the field without a blanket all night. You must know, it was raining hard just then, and we were pushing on like all natur arter the reg'lars.

*N.* What did the ginerall say to you?

*Cap.* Not a syllable, says he, but off comes his coat, and he throws it over my shoulders, "there, captain," says he, "wear that, for we can't spare you yet." Now don't that beat all natur, hey?

*N.* So you wore the general's coat, did you?

*Cap.* Lord bless your simple heart, no. I didn't feel sick arter that, I tell you. No, ginerall, says I, they can spare me better than they can you, just now, and so I'll take the will for the deed, says I.

*N.* You will never forget this kindness, captain.

*Cap.* Not I, boy! I never feel a twinge of the rheumatiz but what I say, God bless the ginerall. Now you see, I hate long stories, or I'd tell you how I gin it to a reg'lar that tried to shoot the ginerall at Monmouth. You know we were at close quarters, and the ginerall was right between the two fires.

*N.* I wonder he was not shot.

*Cap.* Bless your ignorant soul, nobody could kill the ginerall;

but you see, a sneaking reg'lar didn't know this, and so he levelled his musket at him, and you see, I seed what he was arter, and I gin the ginerals horse a slap on the haunches, and it beats all natur how he sprung, and the ginerals all the while as straight as a gun-barrel.

N. And you saved the ginerals life.

Cap. Didn't I tell you nobody could kill the ginerals? but, you see, his horse was in the rake of my gun, and I wanted to get the start of that cowardly reg'lar.

N. Did you hit him?

Cap. Bless your simple soul, does the thunder hit where it strikes! though the fellow made me blink a little, for he carried away part of this ear.—See there! (*Showing his ear.*) Now don't that beat all natur?

N. I think it does. But tell me, how is it that you took all these things so calmly? What made you so contented under your privations and hardships?

Cap. Oh, bless your young soul, we got used to it. Besides, you see, the ginerals never flinched nor grumbled

N. Yes, but you served without being paid.

Cap. So did the ginerals, and the States, you know, were poor as all natur.

N. But you had families to support.

Cap. Ay, ay, but the ginerals always told us that God and our country would take care of them, you see. Now, if I didn't hate long stories, I'd tell you how it turned out just as he said, for he beat all natur for guessing right.

N. Then you feel happy, and satisfied with what you have done for your country, and what she has done for you?

Cap. Why, bless you, if I hadn't left one of my legs at Yorktown, I wouldn't have touched a stiver of the States' money, and as it is, I am so old, that I shall not need it long. You must know, I long to see the ginerals again, for if he don't hate long stories as bad as I do, I shall tell him all about America, you see, for it beats all natur how things have changed since he left us

## ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH LESSON.

## DIALOGUE ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

*Frank.* It appears strange to me that people can be so imposed upon. There is no difficulty in judging folks by their looks. I profess to know as much of a man, at the first view, as by a half dozen years' acquaintance.

*Henry.* Pray, how is that done? I should wish to learn such an art.

*Fr.* Did you never read Lavater on Physiognomy?

*Hen.* No. What do you mean by such a hard word?

*Fr.* Physiognomy means a knowledge of men's hearts, thoughts, and characters, by their looks. For instance, if you see a man with a forehead jutting over his eyes like a piazza; with a pair of eyebrows heavy like the cornice of a house; with full eyes, and a Roman nose,—depend on it, he is a great scholar, and an honest man.

*Hen.* It seems to me I should rather go below his nose, to discover his scholarship.

*Fr.* By no means: if you look for beauty, you may descend to the mouth and chin; otherwise never go below the region of the brain.

*Enter George.*

*George.* Well, I have been to see the man hanged. And he has gone to the other world, with just such a great forehead, and Roman nose, as you have always been praising.

*Fr.* Remember, George, all signs fail in dry weather.

*Geor.* Now, be honest, Frank, and own that there is nothing in all this science of yours. The only way to know men is by their actions. If a man commit burglary, think you a Roman nose ought to save him from punishment?

*Fr.* I don't carry my notions so far as that; but it is certain that all the faces in the world are different; and equally true that each has some marks about it, by which **one can discover the temper and character of the person.**



*Enter Peter.*

*Peter [to Frank].* Sir, I have heard of your fame from Dan to Beersheba; that you can know a man by his face, and can tell his thoughts by his looks. Hearing this, I have visited you, without the ceremony of an introduction.

*Fr.* Why, indeed, I profess something in that way.

*Pet.* By that forehead, nose, and those eyes of yours, one might be sure of an acute, penetrating mind.

*Fr.* I see that *you* are not ignorant of Physiognomy.

*Pet.* I am not; but still I am so far from being an adept in the art, that unless the features are very remarkable, I cannot determine with certainty. But yours is the most striking face I ever saw. There is a certain firmness in the lines which read from the outer verge to the centre of the apple of your eye, which denotes great forecast, deep thought, bright invention, and a genius for great purposes.

*Fr.* You are a perfect master of the art. And to show you that I know something of it, permit me to observe, that the form of your face denotes frankness, truth, and honesty. Your heart is a stranger to guile, your lips to deceit, and your hands to fraud.

*Pet.* I must confess that you have hit upon my true character, though a different one from what I have sustained in the view of the world.

*Fr. [to Henry and George.]* Now see two strong examples of the truth of physiognomy. [*While he is saying this, Peter takes out his pocket-book, and makes off with himself.*] Now, can you conceive, that, without this knowledge, I could fathom the character of a total stranger?

*Hen.* Pray, tell us by what marks you discovered that in his heart and lips were no guile, and in his hands no fraud!

*Fr.* Ay, leave that to me; we are not to reveal our secrets. But I will show you a face and character which exactly suit him. [*Feels for his pocket-book in both pockets, looks wild and concerned.*]

*Geor. [Tauntingly.]* Ay, "in his heart is no guile, in his lips no deceit, and in his hands no fraud! Now we see a strong example of the power of physiognomy!"



*Fr.* He is a wretch ! a traitor against every good sign ! I'll pursue him to the ends of the earth. [*Offers to go.*]

*Hen.* Stop a moment. His fine, honest face is far enough before this time. You have not yet discovered the worst injury he has done you.

*Fr.* What's that ? I had no watch or money for him to steal.

*Hen.* By his deceitful lips, he has robbed you of any just conception of yourself ; he has betrayed you into a foolish belief that you are possessed of most extraordinary genius and talents. Whereas, separate from the idle whim about physiognomy, you have no more pretence to genius or learning than a common school-boy. Learn henceforth to estimate men's hands by their deeds, their lips by their words, and their hearts by their lives.

## ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTH LESSON.

### THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.—*Cooper.*

MAJOR LINCOLN, }  
CAPTAIN McFUSE, } British Officers.

SETH SAGE, a shrewd Yankee Prisoner.

JOB PRAY, a Simpleton.

*Lincoln.* WHAT have we here ? Of what offence has Mr. Sage been guilty, that he bears those bonds ?

*McFuse.* Of the small crimes of tr'ason and homicide, if shooting at a man, with a hearty mind to kill him. can make a murder.

*Sage.* It can't. A man must kill, with wicked intent, to commit murder.

*McFuse.* Hear to the blackguard, datailing the law, as if he were my Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench ! And what was your own wicked intention, ye skulking vagabond, but to kill me ? I'll have you tried and hung for the same act.

*Sage.* It's ag'in reason to believe that any jury will convict one man for the murder of another that ain't dead. There's no jury to be found in the Bay colony to do it.

*McFuse.* Bay colony! ye murdering thief and rebel! I'll have ye transported to England; ye shall be both transported and hung. I'll carry ye back to Ireland with me, and I'll hang ye up in the green island itself, and bury ye, in the heart of winter, in a bog!

*Lincoln.* But what is the offence that calls forth these severe threats?

*McFuse.* The scoundrel has been *out*.

*Lincoln.* Out!

*McFuse.* Ay, *out*, and be hanged to him, sir! Has not the whole country been like so many bees in search of a hive? Is your memory so short, that ye forget, already, Major Lincoln, the tramp the blackguards have given you over hill and dale, through thick and thin?

*Lincoln.* And was Mr. Sage, then, found among our enemies to-day?

*McFuse.* Didn't I see him pull trigger on my own stature three times within as many minutes? and didn't he break the handle of my sword? and have not I a bit of lead he calls a buck-shot in my shoulder, as a present from the thief?

*Job.* It's ag'in all law to call a man a thief, unless you can prove it upon him.

*McFuse.* Do you hear the rascals? They know every angle of the law as well, or better than I do myself. who am the son of a Cork counsellor. I dare to say you were among them too, and that ye deserve the gallows as well as your commendable companion, there.

*Lincoln.* How is this? Did you not only mingle in this rebellion, Mr. Sage, but also attempt the life of a gentleman who may be said, almost, to be an inmate of your own house?

*Sage.* I conclude it's best not to talk too much, seeing that no one can foretell what may happen.

*McFuse.* Hear to the cunning reprobate! He has not the grace to acknowledge his own sins, like an honest man. But I can save him that small trouble. I brought him in, as you see, intending to hang him the first favorable opportunity.

*Lincoln.* If this be true, we must give him into the hands of the proper authorities; for it remains to be seen yet what course will be adopted with the prisoners in this singular contest.

*McFuse.* I should think nothing of the matter, if the reprobate had not tr'ated me like a beast of the field with his buckshot; and taking his aim each time, as though I had been a mad dog. Ye villain! do you call yourself a man, and aim at a fellow-creature as you would at a brute?

*Sage.* Why, when a man has pretty much made up his mind to fight, I conclude it's best to take aim, in order to save ammunition and time.

*Lincoln.* You acknowledge the charge, then?

*Sage.* As the major is a moderate man, and will hear to reason, I will talk the matter over with him rationally. You see I had a small call to Concord, early this morning——

*Lincoln.* Concord!

*Sage.* Yes, Concord; it lies here-away, say twenty or one-and-twenty miles——

*McFuse.* Hang your Concords and your miles too! Is there a man in the army who can forget the desateful place? Go on with your defence, without talking to us of the distance, who have measured the road by inches.

*Sage.* The captain is hasty and rash!—But, being there, I went out of town with some company that I happened in with; and, after a time, we concluded to return. And so, as we came to a bridge, about a mile beyond the place, we received considerable rough treatment from some of the king's troops, who were standing there——

*Lincoln.* What did they?

*Sage.* They fired at us, and killed two of our company, besides other threatening doings. There were some among us that took the matter up in considerable airnest; and there was a sharp toss about it for a few minutes—though finally the law prevailed.

*Lincoln.* The law!

*Sage.* Sartin—tis ag'in all law, I believe the major will own, to shoot peaceable men on the public highway.

*Lincoln.* Proceed with your tale in your own way.

*Sage.* That is pretty much the whole of it. The people rather took that, and some other things that happened, at Lexington, to heart;—and—I suppose the major knows the rest.

*McFuse.* But what has all this to do with your attempt to murder me, you hypocrite? Confess the whole, ye thief, that I may hang you with an aisy conscience!

*Lincoln.* Enough; the man has acknowledged sufficient already to justify us in transferring him to the custody of others. Let him be taken to the main guard, and delivered as a prisoner of this day.

*Sage.* I hope the major will look to my *things*. I shall hold him accountable for all.

*Lincoln.* Your property shall be protected, and I hope your life may not be in jeopardy.

*Job.* The king can't hang Seth Sage for firing back, when the reg'lars fired first.

*McFuse.* Perhaps you were out, too, Master Solomon—amusing yourself at Concord, with a small party of select friends?

*Job.* Job didn't go any further than Lexington; and he hasn't got any friend, except old Nab.

*McFuse.* \*\*\* Satan has possessed the minds of the people! Lawyers and doctors—praists and sinners—old and young—girls and women—big and little—beset us in our march; and here is a fool to be added to the number! I

dare say that fellow, now, has attempted to murder in his day, too.

*Job.* Job scorns such wickedness. He only shot one granny, and hit an officer in the arm.

*McFuse.* D'ye hear that, Major Lincoln? D'ye hear that shell of a man—that effigy—boasting of having killed a grenadier?

*Lincoln.* Hold!—Remember we are soldiers, and that the boy is not a responsible being. No tribunal would ever sentence such an unfortunate creature to the gibbet; and, in general, he is as harmless as a babe——

*McFuse.* \* \* \* \* \* Hang such babes! A pretty fellow is he to kill a man of six feet! and with a ducking gun, I'll engage.—I'll not hang the rascal, Major Lincoln, since it is your particular wish——I'll only have him buried alive.

*Lincoln.* Foolish boy! did I not warn you that wicked men might endanger your life? How was it that I saw you in arms to-day, against the troops?

*Job.* How came the troops in arms ag'in Job? They needn't think to wheel about the Bay province, clashing their godless drums and trumpets, burning housen, and shooting people, and find no stir about it!

*Lincoln.* Do you know that your life has been twice forfeited within twelve hours, by your own confession?—once for murder, and again for treason against your king? You have acknowledged killing a man.

*Job.* Yes—Job shot the granny; but he didn't let the people kill Major Lincoln.

*Lincoln.* True, true; I owe my life to you;—and that debt shall be cancelled at every hazard.



## CONTENTS.

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|                                          |     |                                             |     |
|------------------------------------------|-----|---------------------------------------------|-----|
| Organs of Speech .....                   | 5   | A Revolutionary Song.....                   | 101 |
| Formation of the Consonants.....         | 5   | Liberty.....                                | 101 |
| Key for the sound of the Vowels .....    | 7   | On to the Strife .....                      | 102 |
| Exercises in Articulation.....           | 7   | The Battle Field.....                       | 103 |
| Grammatical Pauses .....                 | 12  | The Pilgrims.....                           | 104 |
| Rhetorical Pauses.....                   | 12  | The Severance of South Carolina from        |     |
| Inflections .....                        | 13  | the Union.....                              | 105 |
| The Rainbow.....                         | 27  | The Charge .....                            | 107 |
| Heroism of Deborah.....                  | 29  | The Importance of a Firm National Char-     |     |
| Heroism of Jephtha's Daughter.....       | 30  | acter.....                                  | 108 |
| Cesture .....                            | 32  | Old Ironsides.....                          | 109 |
| The Miser and Plutus .....               | 39  | Leonidas .....                              | 110 |
| Speech of James Otis .....               | 45  | To Arms .....                               | 111 |
| The American Indians .....               | 47  | Make Way for Liberty.....                   | 112 |
| Lafayette .....                          | 49  | The Efficiency of Woman.....                | 114 |
| English Taxes.....                       | 51  | Ye Sons of Sires .....                      | 116 |
| South Carolina .....                     | 52  | Fourth of July.....                         | 116 |
| Massachusetts .....                      | 53  | The Survivors of the Revolution.....        | 117 |
| Speech of Chatham against the Ameri-     |     | Life without Freedom.....                   | 118 |
| can War.....                             | 56  | Ode for Independence.....                   | 119 |
| Speech of Patrick Henry .....            | 59  | Midnight Musings.....                       | 120 |
| Supposed Speech of John Adams.....       | 62  | The Dying Archer.....                       | 123 |
| Rolla's Address to the Peruvians.....    | 68  | The American Flag.....                      | 124 |
| Washington .....                         | 69  | The Angel of the Leaves.....                | 126 |
| Scotland.....                            | 71  | The Song of the Angels.....                 | 128 |
| The Queen of France .....                | 73  | Life: An Allegory.....                      | 129 |
| National Glory.....                      | 74  | The Cloud .....                             | 131 |
| The necessity of Union.....              | 75  | The Broken Heart.....                       | 133 |
| The importance of preserving our form of |     | The Pilgrim Fathers .....                   | 136 |
| Government.....                          | 77  | A Sketch.....                               | 137 |
| The Monument on Bunker Hill.....         | 78  | The Disembodied Spirit.....                 | 139 |
| The Battle of Lexington .....            | 80  | Colonel Haynes.....                         | 140 |
| The American Revolution .....            | 82  | Spirit of Freedom.....                      | 142 |
| Appeal in Behalf of Greece .....         | 83  | Lakes and the Ocean.....                    | 144 |
| Ancient Oratory.....                     | 86  | Marco Bozzaris.....                         | 145 |
| Plunket's Speech against the Union of    |     | Sublimity of Mountain Scenery.....          | 146 |
| Ireland and England.....                 | 87  | My Mother's Grave.....                      | 147 |
| Obstacles to the Extinction of War.....  | 88  | I would not Live Alway.....                 | 148 |
| The Battle at Marathon.....              | 90  | Knowledge.....                              | 150 |
| Chatham's Reply to Walpole .....         | 91  | Moonlight and a Field of Battle.....        | 150 |
| Cataline's Speech.....                   | 93  | Absalom .....                               | 152 |
| The Right to tax America .....           | 94  | Dialogue Charles II., and William Penn..... | 156 |
| Brutus on the Death of Cæsar.....        | 95  | Captain Hardy and Nathan.....               | 158 |
| Rienzi's Address to the Romans .....     | 96  | "    On Physiognomy.....                    | 161 |
| Ferry 5th to his Soldiers.....           | 97  | "    The Battle of Lexington.....           | 164 |
| Grattan's Reply to Corry .....           | 93  |                                             |     |
| The Influence of the United States upon  |     |                                             |     |
| other Nations .....                      | 100 |                                             |     |















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